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ADA'S BIRTHDAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. M. F. TUCKER.

Came the golden sun this morning
From the rosy-tinted east,
Like a royal lord proceeding
To a royal marriage-feast;
And he looked in at our window,
With a smile that seemed to say:
Heaven bless thee, little Ada,
Thou art one year old to-day!

Long ago a poet-mother
Sang so tenderly and mild,
Wove such sweet bewitching fancies
On the birthday of her child;
That their melody will haunt me,
And will echo through my lay,
Saying Ada—darling Ada—
Thou art one year old to-day.

Oh, she loveth all the beauties
That the God of Nature made,
Loveth music, birds and flowers,
Loveth sunshine—loveth shade!
And we, looking in the future,
Have marked out a pleasant way,
For our precious little Ada,
Who is one year old to-day.

In the kitchen, in the parlor,
There are prattled words and sweet;
And the soft, flower-woven carpet
Feels the tread of little feet;
And our mirrors hold a baby,
Very fair, and I should say,
Very like the little Ada
Who is one year old to-day.

Now the birthday gift is shown her,
And a tiny dress of white
I have decked with buds and roses
That she roweth with delight.
Though she cannot comprehend it,
I would crown her while I may,
Lest no other birthday greet her
Who is one year old to-day.

How her little hands are busy
With her babies and her bells,
With her blocks and with her boxes,
And her ocean-singing shells;
And a gold ring on her finger
Tells of one who is away;
One who thinks of little Ada,
Whom we coronate to-day.

She is looking from the window—
She has ventured out of door—
She is toddling o'er the carpet—
She is rolling on the floor.
Oh, our home is full of sunshine,
And our hearts are glad and gay,
All because of little Ada
Who is one year old to-day!

NEMESIS.

A STORY OF FRONTIER LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

CHAPTER I.

In the early days of any of our frontier states the condition of society is necessarily wild and unsettled. Reckless adventurers of all classes flock to the newly opened territory, ready to take advantage of any circumstance that may promote their schemes of personal aggrandizement. Men of family and fortune, accustomed to move in the highest circles, who, by mismanagement or dissipation, have squandered their patrimony or lost caste at home, seek the outposts of civilization to repair their broken fortunes. Gamblers and desperadoes of all sorts, who are too well known in the older states, find these remote regions a secure refuge, and a suitable field for new operations, or for such reform as may be congenial to their tempers. Keen, sharp-sighted speculators, whose whole object is money, flock to the same quarter, to drive their business by legal rapine. These people mingled with the descendants of men who have old colonial claims to vast tracts of land, officers of government, Indians and half-breeds, constitute a heterogeneous population, full of the elements of contention and violence. Naturally enough, sanguinary quarrels and deadly feuds are of frequent occurrence in these border settlements, and are to be attributed rather to the influence of circumstances than to any unusual savagery in the Anglo-American character. The very men who, in a regular government, would be the strongest supporters of law and order, are here the leaders in the violent popular movements against obnoxious individuals. Law, indeed, has a nominal but not a real presence in such communities. Theft and the meaner vices are punished, and civil processes are served with tolerable regularity, but homicide and violent crimes against persons are scarcely noticed by the constituted authorities. In consequence of this laxity, each individual becomes his own protector and the judge of the extent of the aggressions made upon him, as well as of the grade of punishment they merit. Hence the duel and the street fight become the only methods of settling difficulties of a grave nature, and personal courage is exalted to undue importance in a society pretending to civilization. The man, once suspected of cowardice, not only incurs the contempt of the people to such an extent as seriously to interfere with his success in business, but runs besides no little risk of personal injury.

It was among such a people as we have been attempting to describe, that young Henry Wilmer settled to practice law. Descended from an old and highly respectable family, he was, nevertheless, thrown upon his own resources for a livelihood. A princely domain in the Old Dominion had, generation after generation, been gliding out of the hands of his dashing ancestors, till finally, on the death of his father, the affairs of the estate were found to be in so ruinous a condition, that nothing was left to the executors but a peremptory sale of the entire property. After the debts were paid, our hero found himself heir to a distinguished name, a legal education, two negroes, and a thousand dollars. This was a rather slender capital to support the credit of the family upon, and after mature deliberation and consultation with an old uncle and a few friends who promised additional assistance, he came to the conclusion that he would push his fortunes in one of the larger towns of the newly acquired territory of Florida. Accordingly, after making the necessary arrangements, and procuring letters of introduction to the prominent men of the town, he set sail, accompanied by his faithful body-servant, and in due time reached the place of his destination. His letters delivered, and himself admitted to the bar in due form, he rented an office in the vicinity of the court house, and settled himself down to the systematic practice of his profession. Possessed of great industry, and animated by the laudable design of retrieving the fallen fortunes of his family, he soon made for himself a respectable position at the bar.

One Sunday morning in February, while he was arranging his toilet preparatory to going to church, his attention was attracted by the sudden discharge of two rifles in quick succession, immediately in front of his office. He hastened to the door to ascertain the cause of this intrusion upon the sanctity of the day, when he observed a man on the opposite side of the street slowly moving off, with his rifle affectionately laid over his arm. He was a coarse, heavy, powerful fellow, and his savage features wore an expression of gratified malignity and of scornful triumph. Immediately in front of the office door was another, whose piece had fallen from his hands, and who was manifestly the second actor in the drama. His air, as well as the aristocratic cast of his well-formed features proclaimed him a gentleman, a fact which could not be obscured by the expression of severe pain which convulsed his face. His right arm hung idly by his side, swaying with the motion of his body. It had evidently been broken by the shot just fired by the man across the street. With prompt politeness, warmed by a real interest in the sufferer, young Wilmer invited the wounded man into his office, and actively engaged in those services which his limited knowledge of domestic surgery enabled him to perform. These were received by the stranger with an easy grace of manner, which even the torture of his shattered limb could not make him forget, and which bore testimony to long and early familiarity with the usages of polite society.

"Your wound is a severe one, sir," said the young man, as he bound up the shattered member in a linen handkerchief.

"Severe and painful," was the reply, "but, with God's blessing, if my life is spared, I'll inflict a severer one upon the miscreant who has maimed me. I'll teach these *canaille* who have sneaked and wriggled into respectable society, as a toad sometimes hops into a parlor, that I am not to be meddled with. It is bad enough to have my arm broken, without the mortification of knowing that it was done by a blackguard who never put his foot inside of a gentleman's house, till he came to a new territory where he was not known. You shall hear the whole history of this affair. I am in too much pain to tell it to you now, but I shall not lose sight of you. I never forget favors—nor injuries."

These remarks were made in broken sentences, interrupted by contortions of the body, and interspersed with ejaculations of pain, and more than an occasional oath.

"Shall I procure you a physician?" asked Wilmer, eager to render some more effectual service to his temporary guest.

"No, sir, no, I thank you. I have seen many wounds and received a few, so that there is nothing new to me in my present situation. One torture is enough. I don't want my broken bones grated against one another for the gratification of scientific curiosity. I shall go directly home, and my nephew, who is staying with me, will render me the necessary attention."

"But you cannot go alone. I cannot think of allowing a gentleman in your situation to leave my office without an attendant. I will procure you a carriage and see you home."

"You are very kind, sir; I accept your polite offer; but you need order no carriage. My own is at the corner below the court house on the other side of the square. If you will order that, you will add to the obligations I am already under to you."

Wilmer hastened out, procured the carriage, carefully bolstered up the wounded man with pillows taken from his own bed and borrowed in haste from his landlady, and, getting in himself, accompanied his new acquaintance to his home. But little was said on the way, for the motion of the carriage, carefully as it was driven, so increased the agony of the wounded limb, that the sufferer could utter little less than groans.

As they wound through the long avenue, shaded with orange trees and the stately magnolia grandiflora, the roaming negroes whom they met were informed of the disaster that had befallen their master, and warned by the coachman, hurried along to the house to announce the misfortune and prepare for his reception, ample time for which was afforded by the slow pace at which his wound compelled him to travel. Arrived in front of the house, our hero had leisure to observe that the residence of his new friend was one of those long frame houses, so common in the South, that with almost endless wings extend themselves over a great space of ground. A beautiful lawn, covered with the deep verdure of a Florida winter, stretched out in front of it; and the noble trees of the South, at once enlivened the scene with their magnificent flowers and foliage, and furnished a refreshing shade to the inmates. A long portico, overhung with creeping vines, still further removed the inhabitants of the house from the fiery rays of the sun, and offered them the opportunity of a delightful siesta, which the swinging hammocks depending from the roof, showed that they were not unwilling to enjoy. A stately garden, embellished with great taste, and enriched with the most brilliant flowers and shrubs, flanked the house on either side, while beyond it, the neat whitewashed huts of the house and garden-servants, and the necessary out-houses of a plantation, gave an additional interest to the scene without offending the eye by too close proximity.

A crowd of anxious slaves had assembled on the lawn, some murmuring broken prayers for their master's safety, some sobbing audibly, some weeping without restraint, and all stirring to learn the exact condition of affairs. Two stout fellows, with the utmost care, lifted the planter out of the carriage, and, with great tenderness, bore him into one of the apartments on the ground floor of the house. All this was done under the direction of a tall, fat, stately, yellow woman, who sailed before them with the majesty of a tragedy-queen, issuing her orders with the authority and more than the asperity of her master. Yet her pompous manner could not conceal her distress. The troubled and anxious looks she cast upon the patient, and the tone of anger with which, to veil her grief, she addressed the "dratted, keerless niggers," betrayed instead of concealing her concern. So entirely was she engrossed in her attentions to the wounded man, that she did not even observe that a stranger accompanied him, till, in depositing him in an easy chair, the young lawyer took charge of the broken arm, in order to guard it as much as possible from the jar necessarily attending every change of position. Then she dropped a low courtesy, and immediately turned again to the sufferer, who, now quite exhausted by loss of blood and the protracted anguish of his wound, seemed to an unexperienced eye, by his haggard look and pallid features, to be on the verge of dissolution.

"Oh, massa, massa!" cried the faithful slave, in an agony of tears, falling on her knees at his feet; "I know'd it would come to dis, one of dese days. De Lawd! de Lawd!" continued she, wringing her hands, and swaying her body from side to side; "dat eber I should live to see dis day! Me dat nussed you in dese ole arms when you was a baby. De Lawd forgib me, but I feels like I could take de one dat done dis in dese hands, and hole him in de fire till he fried to def. Oh, massa! massa George! can't you speak jis' one word, jis' one little word to pore ole Silvy? jis' one, massa!"

The boisterous grief of the old woman roused him from his temporary lethargy—he quietly observed,

"Aunt Sylvy, I am not hurt so badly as you think."

"Bless de Lawd for dat word, anyhow, dough I doesn't believe it," said the old woman. "To tink dat all dis should happen dis blessed Sunday morning, and Miss Alice not here, nor Massa William nuther. Jim, what you gapin' dar for? Go git de brandy, you buck fool."

The brandy was obtained, and Wilmer soon found that his occupation was gone, for Sylvia, with all the importance of a favorite servant, and the authority of an accomplished nurse, took the care of her master on herself, chafing his temples with brandy, arranging the pillows comfortably for his head and for his wounded arm, and assiduously engaging in all the real or imaginary duties of the occasion.

"Where is Miss Alice?" asked the wounded man, a little recovered from his exhaustion.

"Gone ridin' on de pony, sar, wid Massa William, to see ole Aunt Phyllis. I was 'feared she'd be gone a long time, so I sent Joe wid de blaze-face hoss arter her, to tell her dat you'd got throwed from the hoss and sprained your arm (de Lord forgib me for dat lie.) She'll be here soon, I 'spec,' case I done sent Joe away as soon as little Pete fotch de news dat you was a comin'. And, now massa," continued the old slave, relieved from her immediate apprehensions, drawing herself up and folding her arms as she spoke, "I'se gwine to gib you a piece of my mind. How often is I told you dat dem low white carrion, de Johnsons, kep' up a spite agin' you, eber sense you caned young Alick for throwin' stones at lame Stephen; but you wouldn't believe dis ole nigger. You doesn't know how I has been troubled 'bout dem trash ebery time you went away from home. 'Deed, massa, I can't stan' it no longer, and ef you doesn't take more keer of yourself, I'll jes' take and drown myself in de branch,—dere now!"

Old Sylvia would have gone on still farther, had she not been interrupted by the arrival of a young woman, who, with much agitation, hurried to the arm-chair, exclaiming: "Oh, uncle! how you have terrified me. Tell me! are you dangerously hurt? Cousin William will be here in a moment. My horse happened to be fleeter than his, so I outrode him. Are you seriously injured? Oh, what can I do for you? Aunt Silvy, have you done anything for him?"

"Dat is I, Miss Alice. He is a heap better dan when he fus' come in."

"Alice, child," said General Lee, for that was the name and title of the wounded man, "don't distress yourself on my account. My arm is somewhat injured, but I am suffering more at present from my long ride than from the hurt itself. But you have not noticed my friend, Mr. Wilmer, who deserves your gratitude for his kind attention to me to-day. My niece, Miss Alice Wharton, Mr. Wilmer."

Alice blushed deeply, with the true modesty of a delicate woman, who shrinks from exhibiting even the most laudable emotions in the presence of witnesses; but even in the midst of her agitation, she did not forget the duties of hospitality. With the most charming confusion, which could not, however, conceal the exquisite grace, so characteristic of the educated and refined Southern woman, she greeted the young stranger and returned her thanks for services of the nature of which she was still ignorant. Wilmer, it must be confessed, in spite of his good breeding and the self-possession which he had in common with every man who has been accustomed to polite society, received the introduction and the thanks which accompanied it with some awkwardness. The truth is, he had been gazing upon this beautiful apparition with such abstraction, that the introduction roused him as from a dream. He had had time to observe her exquisite form which was displayed to great advantage by a closely fitting riding-habit. Her recent exercise and her present excitement, gave a brilliancy to her color and a soft lustre to her eyes, enhancing her remarkable beauty; while her hair, shaken by the breeze, presented that happy negligence which has so often roused the enthusiasm of the poet and the artist. Her complexion was a just medium between a blonde and a brunette, possessing the delicacy of the one with the brilliancy of the other; her large, expressive gray eyes, were shaded with long lashes and arched over by finely pencilled brows; her size was that of the average woman, and her features, like a mirror, reflected every emotion of her pure and delicate spirit. Startled from the contemplation of these charms which had burst upon him as suddenly, as unexpectedly, and with as overpowering an enchantment of beauty, as though, in some deep, cool grove, he had surprised a goddess at her bath, he may be pardoned if he did not immediately regain his self-possession. In some broken words, he answered her as if he were thinking of something else than his lips uttered. They thus mutually confused each other, and it is impossible to conjecture in what intricacies of embarrassment they might have been involved, had they not been relieved by the opportune arrival of a young man, who threw down his riding whip, bowed politely to the stranger to whom Alice, in her confusion, forgot to introduce him, and, gently pushing the young woman aside, inquired of the General the extent of his injury. His practiced eye soon detected the unnatural attitude of the arm, and not willing that his fair cousin should too suddenly ascertain the true extent of the mischief, he determined to get rid of her by an appeal to her delicacy. Stepping up to her, he said in a low tone, "Cousin Alice, leave the room for half an hour or so, I wish to ascertain the extent of uncle's injury."

She immediately withdrew, and young Dr. Wharton with great tenderness began to unwrap the wounded limb, uttering, at the same time, many professional assurances that he would not inflict the least pain upon him, but would merely adjust the ends of the broken bone, which might, indeed, produce some temporary discomfort, but was essential to the proper management of cases like the present.

"William," interrupted his uncle, with some asperity, "I am not a baby. Do what you have to do. I can bear it, whatever it may be."

Thus admonished, the young man apologized and proceeded with some hastily manufactured splints to retain in proper apposition the fragments of the broken bone. This accomplished, with the assistance of the servants, the planter was put to bed before his niece returned.

The doctor, having properly attended to his uncle, returned to the sitting-room, and advancing to the young man who had rendered his relative such important services, said, "Sir, they have not had politeness enough to introduce me to you, but I have already seen enough of you to desire your further acquaintance. My name and title are Dr. William Wharton, and there is my hand!"

Wilmer took the young man's hand, and, with equal frankness, gave his own name and occupation.

"Coming, as you do, from an old state," said the doctor, "you must be not a little surprised at the transaction you have witnessed to-day."

"Not particularly so," replied the lawyer. "Human passions are the same everywhere, and without the restraint of law and of public opinion, they must always break out in such manifestations as these."

"That is just the trouble here," replied the doctor. "Neither of these checks exist in our territory; that is to say, the laws are not enforced, and public opinion is very decidedly in favor of every man's taking care of himself and righting his own wrongs. But, as to this special case, my uncle has commissioned me to explain the matter to you, for, though he is proud enough to despise the sentiments of the common, every day world, he is very sensitive in regard to the opinion of respectable people, and he is afraid that you would suppose he provoked a street-brawl on Sunday. The fellow who shot him is named Bonner. His air and manner proclaim him to be of low origin; we think he must have fled from his former home to shelter himself in these wilds from the punishment due to some misdemeanor. At any rate, he is a desperate wretch, who has been more than suspected of atrocious cruelty, not only towards his slaves, but his wife, and who yet maintains a *quasi* position on the frontiers of good society on account of the supposed respectability of his brother, who is an active, if not a very able lawyer at our bar. Well, he bought some land adjoining my uncle's lower estate, on the border of the Indian reservation, and, not only claimed, but actually proceeded to cut wood off our land. My uncle very soon put a stop to that proceeding by his usual summary mode of dealing with such fellows. This led to the law-suit in which Bonner was defeated. He uttered many threats of vengeance, and since then the General has never gone out where he would be likely to fall in with this savage without his rifle. They met accidentally this morning, and you know the result."

"And what will he do about it?" said Wilmer. "The law of course will protect him."

"There is no of course about it, my dear sir. The law will *not* notice the matter at all. I should settle the affair myself, were it not that my uncle has specially enjoined me on pain of his settled displeasure to have nothing to do with it. He would consider it a real injury to him were any one to deprive him of the pleasure of punishing this reprobate with his own hands."

"It strikes me it must be very unpleasant to live in such a community. For my own part you make me regret my selection of the place for the pursuit of my professional business."

"I am sorry to have done that. You will, however, become accustomed to these things. Use blunts our perceptions. I felt as you do when I first came here from old Maryland, but I soon got over it. There are compensating advantages which make up for these discomforts. It is a new country, and a man's fame and fortune will grow up with it. Though there are many bad characters among us, there are also men of the highest tone and the nicest sense of honor. Besides the lands are cheap and fertile, and the women are lovely."

"To the latter clause of your eulogium on Florida I can heartily subscribe. Your sister is one of the most magnificent creatures I ever beheld."

"Who? Alice? She is my cousin. She is indeed a glorious woman, but let me give you a perhaps premature caution. Many a fine, showy fellow has besieged that heart of hers. Some have attempted to take it by storm, others to weary it out by the protracted monotony of a tedious courtship, but all have been discomfited. The fortress is still impregnable. This is by way of friendly caution, you understand," continued the young man in a tone of banter.

"I fully comprehend you, sir," replied the lawyer, "and am duly thankful for the disinterested advice. But, my dear sir, it was unnecessary. Whatever might have been the impression made upon me by your beautiful cousin, I should have hesitated long before I should have ventured to enter the lists in competition with a rival who possesses so many personal advantages as yourself."

"You are vastly complimentary, but I assure you, you have misunderstood me. No, indeed! I have no designs upon her. The time was when I could have gone mad with love for Alice, but the little precisian detected it in time, and kindly but firmly warned me that it wouldn't do, that she could never listen to anything of that sort from the lips of a first cousin. Since then we have been the best friends in the world, and, I can assure you, sir, any man might be proud to call himself the friend of Alice Wharton. But here I am prattling about my pretty cousin when I ought to be attending to my unfortunate uncle. A physician need not apologise for leaving a friend alone when professional duties call him away. I will be back as soon as I can, and, should Alice come in while I am gone, tell her that her presence will only disturb without benefiting her uncle, and that she must not go near him without my permission."

Saying this he went out, leaving the young lawyer to his meditations. The admiration with which Alice's extreme beauty had inspired him was by no means diminished by her cousin's warm eulogium upon her, and he sat nursing those vague emotions which are so commonly experienced by young men, when their attention has been attracted by a bountiful woman, and which may either ripen into love, or wither into indifference. He imagined all sorts of desperate adventures undertaken under her eye, and rewarded by her smiles. He figured himself rendering her the most important services in the most trying times. He dreamed of enjoying the beauties of nature and of art, in company with her, and of increasing his own gratification by sharing it with her. In the midst of this castle-building the unconscious object of these brilliant fancies entered the room. If he had thought her "a phantom of delight" at her first appearance, she now thrilled him with a new and more intense admiration. She was dressed with the elegant simplicity so delightful to a refined taste, though it was evident that her toilet had been very hurriedly made. A simple white dress, destitute of any ornament, enveloped her beautiful form, and her hair hastily brushed back from her ample, yet feminine forehead, allowed the graceful contour of her face, and the exquisite play of tints which gives such a charm to the junction of the cheek and neck in woman, to produce their full effect upon the beholder.

"Have they removed uncle, already?" was the first question she asked.

"They have, Miss," was the reply. "The doctor desired me to say to you that the wound was by no means dangerous, but that it required, for some hours yet, the most absolute repose. He also desired me to request you not to enter your uncle's apartment till he had slept awhile."

"Mr. Wilmer," said the young woman, casting a searching look at him, "are they not attempting to deceive me? I ask you, as a man of honor, is the true state of affairs represented to me? I am a woman, I know, but I cannot consider *that* a sufficient excuse for deceiving me in a matter in which I am so deeply interested."

"Miss Wharton," answered Wilmer, staggered by the directness and earnestness of the appeal, "I am ignorant of surgery, and must depend upon the same sources of information as yourself. But as one accustomed to study the behaviour of men, I would most confidently say that Dr. Wharton believes what he says in reference to the wound. His manner in my presence a moment ago, was extremely calm; he could not have assumed it, had one he loved been in imminent danger, and he had no motive to attempt any deception on me, a stranger, till this morning, to you all."

"Well, sir, I certainly am relieved, for you seem to be sincere."

The lawyer endeavored to divert the conversation to general topics, but Miss Wharton's thoughts were manifestly wholly absorbed in her uncle's condition, and, though he could not help approving the sentiment which occasioned her conduct, he nevertheless felt some little chagrin at the absence of mind with which she received his most brilliant sallies, for he prided himself somewhat on his conversational powers. As the day advanced, however, and she became more tranquil, he found that her interest in his remarks increased, and her own observations on the various topics that were suggested, were so just and so well-expressed, that the favorable impression she had first made was deepened. Her pure spirit animated everything she said, and her tender, womanly views of society, its destiny and its duties, expressed in a modest yet brilliant manner, astonished as well as delighted him. Sensible women so often lose the graces of their own sex, in aiming at the force of the other, that they greatly diminish their influence over the men with whom they associate, by the too palpable eagerness to establish it.—Nothing, however, can resist the combination of intellect with modesty of expression, purity of conception, and the graceful timidity of a sensitive heart. Wilmer was not particularly stoical, and the union of such intellectual qualities with such physical perfection, was too much for him. He returned home, fully satisfied that the day's adventures were destined to have a serious influence upon his future happiness.

During the General's convalescence, his visits were frequent. The many little attentions, so delightful to sick people, were rendered by him with a grace which enhanced their value, and before the shattered limb had again become fit for use he had thoroughly established himself as a "friend of the house." Alice's manner had also changed towards him, though neither he nor her uncle perceived it. There was a barely perceptible tenderness in the polite cordiality with which she welcomed him, and there were frequent walks to the front of the house, and long looks down the lane, about the hour that he usually arrived. As for him, he was now thoroughly in love. The slightest memorial of her was treasured with jealous care, and his dry, dull law-books were cheered with sprigs of foliage and flowers that had been glorified by her touch.

Let us leave them to their budding happiness, and follow the fortunes of other persons in our story, to whom we shall now introduce the reader.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Gustavus Bonner was sitting in his office, surrounded with books, looking very wise, when a servant entered, respectfully handed him a note, and withdrew. Like most persons who receive unexpected letters, Mr. Bonner turned it over, looked at the seal, studied the superscription, and vainly puzzled himself with speculations as to the probable writer, when he could have determined the question in a moment by simply breaking the seal. At last, however, in despair of ascertaining the source from whence he had received it by any process of reasoning on the facts presented by its exterior, he did what he might have done at first—broke it open. During his perusal of it, a bystander would have found the expression of his features as interesting a problem as he found the superscription of the letter. His face was never handsome. Large whiskers of reddish black framed it like a bar-room portrait of General Jackson; a sharp, somewhat turned-up, small, and ill-formed nose adorned it in the centre; while a pair of thick, straight eyebrows overhung two small, restless, glittering, bead-black, wicked looking eyes, which now flashed with a vicious and diabolical expression of triumph.

"Ah, ha!" he muttered, to himself, as he put the letter in his pocket, and hastily made his toilet at the little glass in his back office, "so Miss Douglass *sends* for me at last! Her pride has come to that! 'A friend in need is a friend indeed.' That old proverb has another

meaning besides its common one. Now is my hour of triumph!"

He buttoned up his blue coat tightly over his broad breast, and the brass buttons glistened so brightly that they seemed to be a perpendicular row of accessory eyes, looking sharply out for mischief in aid of the keen black orbs above. He strode along hastily to the principal hotel of the town, where he inquired for Miss Douglass. He was shown directly to her room. On entering, he found the lady he came in search of, in company with a very frigid, formal, elegantly-dressed old woman, who sat bolt upright in her chair, looking directly in front of her, like a trooper on review. She did not change her position when he came into the room, except to turn her head and survey him from head to foot, as though she were studying him with a view of assigning him his exact position in a zoological classification. Miss Douglass half rose from her chair, and made a slight inclination of her head, but said nothing. She was a woman of about one-and-twenty, of a fair complexion, a very clear skin and a brilliant color. Her nose was slightly aquiline, her figure beyond the usual height, and finely rounded, her air majestic and imposing, her eyes of a clear blue, and very expressive, though at present saddened, and by the red rims around them giving evidence of recent weeping. With a gulp, however, she conquered the remainder of her grief, and cast a look of proud defiance at the lawyer. He feeling uncomfortable, in spite of his natural and acquired insolence, bowed a second time to Miss Douglass, who beckoned him to a seat, and began the conversation with:

"Your most obedient, Miss Douglass! I am here in obedience to a summons from you; I came the moment I received it, for who would not hasten to obey the mandate of so charming a woman? But I have not the pleasure of your friend's acquaintance. May I solicit an introduction to her?"

"We will waive that ceremony at present," said the old lady, in a cold, dry manner. "I did not come here for the purpose of extending the circle of my acquaintance. Ours is a business meeting, sir, and the sooner we begin the sooner we shall get through."

"As you please, madam," returned the lawyer, recovering his accustomed audacity. "The circle in which I visit is quite as large as I desire, and I believe it includes all in the district whose society is either agreeable or advantageous to me or any one else."

The old lady took no notice of his sarcasm, but turning to Miss Douglass, very calmly observed:

"Come, child, make haste and say what you have to say, and let this man go."

"Mr. Bonner," said Miss Douglass, in a tone of quiet dignity, yet not without earnestness, "I have sent for you to speak on a matter which very nearly concerns me, and in which common justice, to say nothing of generosity, demands your interference. You must know to what I allude."

"Really, Miss Douglass," replied the wary lawyer, "you have far too much confidence in my penetration. You have not given me the slightest hint of the subject on which you desire to consult me, and yet you say I am acquainted with it. I may be or may not. Yet if my poor professional services can be of any use to so charming a young lady as Miss Douglass, I need not say that I shall be proud to be commanded by her."

"Mr. Bonner," replied the young girl, blushing to the roots of her hair, and yet strongly repressing her emotions, "you must have heard the vile slander which some miscreant has dared to forge against me."

"I hope, my dear young lady," answered he, in a bland, insinuating, and somewhat injured tone, "that you do not suppose me capable of hearing a slander uttered against you and not instantly resenting it, as though the memory of my sainted mother were traduced."

"Come, come, no heroics!" broke in the old lady, with a voice as short and as sudden as a fox's bark. "You are not before a jury, nor on a stage, so we can dispense with them. When we want your oratory we'll pay you for it."

"Madam," said the lawyer, coldly, with an attempt at polite insolence, "I really do not understand your conduct to-day."

"Perhaps not," retorted she, "and I do not see any necessity that you should. But you shall not torment this poor child with your legal play-acting while I am by."

"Miss Douglass, I believe this interview was asked for by you," said he. "If I am wrong, I hope you will set me right. I came here by your appointment, for what purpose, I hope you will inform me."

"Mr. Bonner," replied the young woman, "it is hardly possible that you can be ignorant of a report with which the whole neighborhood rings. It surely must have been most widely published, if it could reach my ears. Your name, too," she continued, blushing still deeper, hesitating and stammering in the excess of her confusion, "has also suffered. The report slanders you too."

"It is impossible for me," returned he, "to be slandered by any report which can connect my poor name with yours. I feel, deeply feel the honor of the association. But," he continued, scarcely able to conceal the triumph he felt at witnessing the confusion of the fair lady, "may I beg you to be more explicit?"

"Ungenerous man!" she broke out, in a voice in which indignation seemed to be getting the better of confusion, "will you force me to utter the damning, the disgusting lie? Oh! I cannot, I cannot!" she cried, and throwing her head on the table, she burst into tears.

The imperturbable old lady came to her assistance, and Mr. Bonner, with an air of great concern, was hastening towards her, when he was checked by her friend, who told him to keep his seat, and confine himself to his proper avocations. Then turning to Miss Douglass, she addressed a few words to her, which again restored her somewhat to her self-possession. Rising, she shook back her long tresses from her brow, dashed the tears from her eyes, and cast upon the lawyer such a glance of angry beauty as Diana might have thrown upon the luckless Actæon.

"Mr. Squatter, or Sputter, or Stutter, or whatever your name is," said the old lady, "the scandal she alludes to has been tolerably well ferreted out, and I have reason to believe that you know more about it than any honorable man should. It is neither more nor less than that she has wandered from the path of virtue, and that you have led her astray."

"Great Heaven!" ejaculated the lawyer, "is it possible?"

"That was not acted as well as it might have been," returned the old lady. "The start was subject to criticism, and the intonation wasn't natural. It is quite possible; and there is something more possible, which you and your vile friends did not anticipate. It has been traced to Mr. Alton, your most intimate associate."

"How unfortunate!" exclaimed the lawyer. "He is my client, and the rules of my profession forbid my doing anything against him."

"It is not as a lawyer, but as a man," cried the young girl, "that I would have you act. You know how totally, absolutely false the story is, and I ask you, as a man, to say so."

"All the feelings of my heart," replied Mr. Bonner, "are enlisted in your behalf; but, unhappily, my duty to my client—"

"Duty? Don't talk about *duty*, Mr. Bonner!" interrupted the young woman. "Does duty demand the sacrifice of an innocent, unprotected girl, whose fortune is her reputation? Does duty prevent you from exposing the falsehood of a vile, malicious slander? Does duty command you to make a bosom-friend of a cool, deliberate, malignant villain, and to protect him in his wickedness? If so, then you and I have studied two widely different codes of ethics."

"Miss Douglass, you do not seem to understand," replied the lawyer, "I am powerless in this matter."

"Then I am not to be spared the last indignity, am I?" she exclaimed, her blue eyes flashing with her increasing anger, and her fine form seeming to dilate with her indignation. "I must come into court, must I? Well, then, I *will* come; *delicacy* must give way to *virtue*. I *will* come. But you might have spared me. You who once professed to love me—but I will not speak of *that*!"

"Miss Douglass," said the lawyer, "we probably could discuss this matter better were we alone."

"What!" she cried, stamping her foot, "do you dare to suggest such a thing under present circumstances? Do you think me such a fool as not to see through your shallow artifice? Your client would gain nothing from such a course on my part, would he? Go, sir, go, and never enter my presence again. I always disliked you, even when you talked virtuously and persecuted me with your addresses. Now I detest you; I loathe you; I scorn you; I spit upon you. Go, sir."

"As you will, Miss," he replied, "but really I thought my zeal, manifested by the immediate forsaking of my business at the first reception of your summons, might have insured me a little better treatment than I have received."

"Go, sir!" she answered, "I cannot endure your presence. It is becoming more and more detestable every moment you remain."

The lawyer, who, by this time, had become thoroughly uncomfortable, left without another word, and Miss Douglass, exhausted with the violent mental emotion produced by the interview, fell fainting upon the floor.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1858.

All the Contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS, &c.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined: "Sally Snow;" "My Angel Katy."

S. K. Respectfully declined.

AMICUS asks if Macaulay is considered a reliable historian. The question is not easy to answer briefly, without doing injustice to Macaulay, whose merits as a historian are undeniably great. His treatment of William Penn, convinced most people, we suppose, that he can either entertain prejudices which make him blind to truth, or else stoop to wilful and conscious perversion thereof. In either case, his reliability as a historian becomes a matter of doubt, only to be determined by minute and searching criticism. Or rather, the question must be—How far, and under what conditions, is Macaulay as a historian to be relied on?—a question not to be settled in a day. Is our correspondent correct in saying that "Macaulay states that Scotland was subjugated by England, and added that kingdom as a conquered nation?"

AN EXCELLENT TITLE.—A New Zealand Chief maintained that he had a good title to his land, because he had eaten the former owner!

Probably he argued that as the title to the land was legally *in* the previous owner, that it must now necessarily be *in* him.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 333—Adults 104, and children 229.

A GREAT EVENT.

Contrary to general expectation, the third attempt to lay the Telegraphic cable has proved successful. At the time we write this, there seems to be no doubt of the fact—though only signals, and not messages, have as yet passed through the wire. As no message, however, was to be sent until the communications were fully established with the offices on each side, which might require several days to effect, this seems to be a matter of no material consequence.

"Peace has its victories no less renowned than War!" said among all the great triumphs of Peace, there have been few perhaps more wonderful than that which we this week chronicle. To open a communication between the two great hemispheres, the rapidity of which shall surpass even the apparent progress of the sun—so that we shall know of what takes place in London at seven o'clock in the evening, by four o'clock in our afternoon—is to transcend even the wildest dream of a century ago.

The importance of the political, commercial and moral results which will naturally flow from the laying of the Atlantic Telegraph, probably can hardly be exaggerated. Its effect must be to bind the interests and the feelings of the two great continents of Europe and America very closely together. The daily report of the Cotton, Grain and Money markets of Liverpool and London, will be daily consulted by the merchant of the United States—and, in the same manner, the European merchant will daily consult the advices from this side of the ocean. And the daily communion of men in their business pursuits, can scarcely fail to promote a greater interest in each other, as intellectual and moral beings. Thus the reciprocal influence of America upon Europe, and Europe upon America, must be proportionably strengthened. Through a small cord, a telegraphic artery, will flow a potent stream of warm life's blood. And thus old jealousies may be done away, new sympathies engendered, and the cause of peace and good-will be immeasurably promoted.

The one cable that has been successfully laid, opens inevitably the way for many. With only one, the communication is liable to be at any moment suspended. How long the present cable will bear the probably large amount of straining and chafing that it will have to endure, is a question that only experience can determine. So important and weighty are the interests involved in this matter of instantaneous communication with Europe, that many lines doubtless could be well supported.—Other routes will be tried besides the direct one through mid-ocean—and may be equally, if not more successful. Only trial can test the matter thoroughly. All attempts should have the general good-wishes—and those that fail, our sympathy and not our sarcasm. It is the extreme of meanness for those who venture nothing in a great enterprise, to scoff at the want of success of those who have meant nobly, and denominate them mere visionary enthusiasts. Without such visionary enthusiasts in the centuries that are past, the world would not have seen one-tenth of the great inventions and improvements that are now around us. It is no easy matter, especially at this period of the world, to draw the line between the possible and the impossible—as the Magnetic Telegraph itself fully proves; for it has made the seeming impossibility of ages, a common, every-day event of our lives.

Honor therefore to the inventors of the Telegraph, and to the capitalists who have not feared to risk their means in attempting this last triumph—the establishment of an electric nerve between two worlds! Failure in such a cause were honorable—triumph enrols them among the benefactors of the race. Fitting was it as the news was carried in one day to the extremest parts of the Atlantic States, that it should be received with universal gladness and exultation, with displays of fireworks, with the thunder of cannon, and with the devout exclamation from many hearts of "Glory to God in the Highest, on earth Peace and Good Will to men!"

THE BULWERS.

In the case of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton and Lady Lytton, their son, Mr. Edward Bulwer Lytton, publishes a letter in the London papers, stating that all is amicably arranged between the parties. He denies that his mother was put in a lunatic asylum—but says she was placed in the private residence of Mr. and Mrs. Hill. He further publishes certificates from two eminent physicians, Dr. Forbes Winslow and Dr. Connolly, justifying the course pursued by his father towards Lady Lytton.

Mr. Hill also publishes a statement, declaring that "he had the most positive medical certificates" of Lady Lytton's insanity—and that she was treated in his house with due consideration and kindness; she having the opportunity of going out whenever she thought proper, and very frequently exercising said liberty.

Mr. Edward Lytton says:—

My mother is now with me, free from all restraint, and about, at her own wish, to travel for a short time, in company with myself and a female friend and relation of her own selection.

Relative to the origin of this unhappy difficulty, *it is said* that Lady Lytton was in the habit of sneering at her husband's literary performances, and that, upon the occasion of his making a failure on his first appearance in the House of Commons, she provoked him by her sarcasms to such an extent that he positively struck her. As every one knows how a mere irritable push aside, may be represented by the injured party as a blow, we think it probable that the accusation had its origin in some slight indignity of this character.

That Bulwer is not a saint, but many degrees short of perfection in his moral character, a reader of his books will be very apt to admit. But, on the other hand, the course of Lady Lytton has been so vindictive and unwomanly since their separation, that she could scarcely have been a very easy person to live with before that event. She has attacked Sir Edward in volume after volume of personalities—finally bringing the affair to a crisis by her recent appearance on the hustings at the close of a speech he had been making, and detailing her grievances to the audience. Whatever he may be, evidently she is something of "a tartar"—and it is only charitable to suppose her more or less insane. An appeal to the courts of law would have as effectually shielded Sir Edward from her attacks, as the course taken by himself and his son. For no person is allowed by the law to worry and persecute another, even though his or her grievance be a real and undeniable one. Even a simple demand for the payment of an undisputed debt, pertinaciously made on all occasions of the parties meeting, is held by the Courts to be a species of persecution and injury against which redress will be afforded.

In all these disputes between the sexes, the tendency of the hearers is to accept all that the woman says as true, all that the man says as false—and, when not *false*, ungallant and ungenerous in proportion to its truth. For instance, what chance would Sir Edward have had against Lady Lytton, before a promiscuous audience? They would laugh and cheer all the severe things she said—and if he happened to let drop a bitter taunt in turn, the cry of "shame" would overwhelm him from a multitude of foolish but generous hearts. Or, if worsted in the argument and the wit, a torrent of tears from the lady—much more a swoon—would not only completely silence her opponent, but possibly result in his being pelted and hooted off the stand. Nothing would save him, we are sure, but the presence of a large number of ladies among the audience. For the ladies might do him equal justice—but the men would be sure to make fools of themselves, even though half-conscious of it at the time.

Well, the whole matter is amicably settled at last. Sir Edward probably gets a promise of freedom from annoyance in the future, while Lady Lytton gets an addition to the sum settled upon her, which was not increased, it is said, when Bulwer succeeded to the name and extensive estates of the Lyttons. So, for the future, as we hope and trust, we shall hear no more of the family difficulties of Sir Edward and Lady Lytton.

NOVEL READING.

A whole family, brought to destitution in England, has had all its misfortunes clearly traced by the authorities to an ungovernable passion for novel reading entertained by the wife and mother. The husband was sober and industrious, but his wife was indolent and addicted to reading everything procurable in the shape of a romance. This led her to utterly neglect her husband, herself, and her eight children. One daughter, in despair, fled the parental home, and threw herself into the haunts of vice. Another was found by the police chained by the legs to prevent her from following her sister's example. The house exhibited the most offensive appearance of filth and indigence. In the midst of this pollution, privation and poverty, the cause of it sat reading the latest "sensation work" of the season, and refused to allow herself to be disturbed in her entertainment.

We apprehend that what is true of almost everything else, is true of novel-reading—that an excess of it, a too great devotion to it, interfering as said excess does with the harmony of our natures, and the proper business of life, is unwise and injurious. Roast turkey is good for food in moderation—but the man who eats too much of it, or of any other food, becomes a glutton, and enfeebles himself in mind and body. So it is even with the highest and holiest of duties. They have their reasonable time and proper limits attached to them. "There is a time for all things," said the Wise Man. There is a time to "pray," as well as to eat and to read. Not even the holy nature of prayer would excuse a person from neglecting the duty of providing food and clothing for his family. Some years ago, a case was reported in the papers of a lady in New England, who was so very devout that she was in the nightly habit of using laudanum to make her children sleep well, while she went to prayer meeting. This did not prove the folly of devoutness, but the folly of forgetting that we have more duties than one or two in this world, and that there is a proper time for everything.

Moderation is the great dictate of true wisdom. As a general rule, we must carry no pursuit to an excess. Our being is complex, our faculties are many—let us not feed-up any faculty or attribute to the starving of the rest. In our reading, let us neither feed the imagination to a surfeit, nor refuse it a reasonable amount of aliment. It is an ennobling, a refining faculty, which the Prophets of old—and even the Saviour himself—did not hesitate freely to appeal to. The Parable is nothing more than a short Tale, made the vehicle of the highest truth and wisdom. By picturing things as they ought to be, men are encouraged to excellence as by a perfect pattern. And the prevailing, and almost universal tone of the best written Fiction, is in eulogy of Purity, Sobriety, Courage, Generosity, and all Magnanimity: and opposed to Grossness, Sensuality, Covetousness ("which is Idolatry,") Cowardice, and Baseness of all description. Of course our allusion is to well written Fiction—and not to those foolish and extravagant stories, which may perhaps have been the idols of the "wife and mother" referred to in the paragraph which we have quoted.

We think that in our management of THE POST, neither the quality or the quantity of our fiction can be reasonably objected to. Among our contemporaries we see some papers which evidently find numerous readers, and which are almost entirely filled with stories. The public may *like* this immense disproportion of fiction—but we think they would find a diet in which there was some roast-meat of facts, and a reasonable proportion of the potatoes and vegetables of news, rather more wholesome and nourishing than so much pie and pudding. But it is with the public taste and discernment that fault is justly to be found, and not the practice of the editorial caterers for the public. The large supply proves that there is a large demand; and the idea of many readers that they can patronize a vicious, vulgar and unhealthy literature, and then rid themselves of all responsibility in the matter by abusing the publishers of it, is an idea quite as ridiculous as it is common.

To recur to the immediate subject before us, we may lay down one brief law:—No reader should ever become so much devoted to his reading, be it fiction or fact, that he cannot lay down his book or paper at once, to attend to any call of duty. We trust that all the subscribers to THE POST will adopt this as a law of their lives. No matter how interesting or instructive the volume or sheet before them, let them learn, at the first call to some practical duty, to lay it down—AT ONCE. Not a moment's delay to read one more page, one more sentence, one more line, should be tolerated. Down with newspaper or book at once! The story or account is not liable to alter, or to dissolve into thin air, before you have a chance of satisfying your curiosity. And suppose it did—what difference? Your own life, your own duty, is the great matter with you—a matter of even infinite concern. As a modern philosopher well remarks, it is entirely too great a compliment to pay to any man, to neglect your own duty, in order to read how well or ill he performed his. There is a time for all things—and the time to *read* is when you have nothing more important to do. To allow your *reading* to interfere with your *doing*, is to nullify the most important object of reading—the enabling yourself the better to do your duty. Reading is designed to furnish you with the weapons and the armor for the great battle of life—what folly then to be trying on new armor and testing new weapons, when the trumpet rings out the call to some duty belonging to your place in the battle! We insist strongly upon this rule, for the cheerful practice of it is of the very highest importance. And we may say to our younger readers, bear it always in mind, and live up to it, and your seniors will not be apt to blame you as they probably sometimes now do, for your "disease" of reading.

STRIKE, BUT HEAR!—The Detroit Board of Education, who must be a little waggishly inclined, have adopted as a device for the seal of that body a handsome young school mistress, with a thriving younker across her lap. The left hand is uplifted, having a stout leathern strap in the act of descending upon the younker aforesaid, whose mouth is wide open, from which issues the motto of the seal, "Strike, but hear me."

For some wag to *suggest* a seal like the above, would do very well *as* a joke; but we can scarcely credit that any "Board of Education," anywhere, would really adopt such a vulgar device. If the Detroit Board really have adopted such a seal, it would seem to imply that their own education had been sadly neglected—especially in the matter of refinement. And as probably the only way, at this late date, to make them "smart enough" to understand this, is by an application of the ferule, we herewith touch them up with our editorial rattan—and trust that every editor in the country will do his part to educate such bear-cubs into some kind of respectable shape.

REV. T. HEMPSTEAD.—The editor of the *Louisiana Herald*, at *Minden, La.*, wants to know where his "esteemed friend, Rev. T. Hempstead, the poet-preacher, now resides." As Mr. Hempstead probably reads the Post, will he please write and inform the editor of the *Herald* of his whereabouts. He had better not, however, get a copy of the *Herald* of July 15th, or it will probably prove fatal to that Christian humility for which he, as a shepherd of the flock, should be distinguished.

☞ Adelaide Proctor, several of whose poems we have recently published, is the daughter of "Barry Cornwall." Something more, as it seems to us, than "a *chip* of the old block."

CONUNDRUM FOR THE GOLD-DIGGERS.—Why may you naturally expect to find "the root of all evil" in the Frazer river district? Because it is a primeval (prime-evil) region.

New Publications.

TWO MILLIONS, by WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER, (D. Appleton & Co., New York,) tells in tolerable verse, bristling with satire, and touched here and there with melodramatic and sometimes pathetic lights and shades, the story of a New York parvenu, with the farcical name of Firkin. The poem is too self-conscious and labored to be as good as the author's former production—the witty and apropos "Nothing to Wear"—and has the further disadvantage of being built on a hackneyed theme—to wit, the sins and follies of a full-blown millionaire. Still, it is pretty well done, and will afford entertainment and suggest thought. A good example of the general merits of the composition may be found in the following extract, which tells how Rachel's husband was lured into misfortune by the great Firkin:—

He might have saved a moderate patrimony,
(Sufficient even after matrimony,)
But, like all men of vivid imagination,
He had a lingering love of speculation;
A fancy for those airy, brilliant bubbles,
By which the wealth of Wall street daily doubles;
A fatal fondness for those works of art,
Which, by the thousand, into being start,
With their fine lines and delicate vignettes,
Putting the very best face upon the debts
Of Corporate bodies, who, as we all know,
Thrive for the most part upon what they owe!
There was no scheme, however visionary,
In which he could not be induced to bury
A little money and much expectation;
If there had been a Building Association
For putting up and selling Chateaux in Spain,
He had subscribed at once; and when, in vain,
Subscription on subscription had been heaped,
Share after share of stock, and nothing reaped,
He chanced one morning in the *Times* to see
The circular of the GOLD SWAMP COMPANY,
Of which the money articles all said,
It was a certain project: for its head
Was Firkin, foremost among Millionaires,
Who had just taken twenty thousand shares;
"Here," cried our unsuccessful friend, "at least,
Success is sure as daylight in the least,
Free from all chances, doubts, or cruel risks;
There must be golden harvests, and the disks,
Innumerable, of dollars, on the horizon
Of any scheme Firkin has fixed his eyes on!"
So he bought in, invested all he had,
And as the shares soon trebled and quadrupled,
With the hot fever of success run mad,
He lost his mental equipoise, nor scrupled
To borrow where he could, and still to buy,
For fact was fact, and figures could not lie.
Two months the bubble glittered, then, one morning,
Grew pale, and burst, without a moment's warning.
A grand catastrophe! The great Gold Swamp,
Inaugurated with such pride and pomp,
Only six weeks before, by an Excursion,
Of which we all perused the pleasing version
In all the papers, graced by two ex-Presidents,
And all the city's most distinguished residents;
A splendid dinner, at which General Diddle
Headed the board, (a model in the middle,
Of the Gold Swamp and neighboring meadows,
Splendidly done in sugar and molasses),
Supported by a scale of Peter Funks,
Of the mock Mining stamp, who deal in chunks
Of confidence ores and metals, as examples,
And sell the bowels of the earth by samples!
A brilliant festival, and when, quite late,
The Engineer, Twobottles, rose to state,
The Swamp was yielding at the fabulous rate
Of Fifty Millions monthly, the whole table
With cheers and tigers was a perfect Babel.
The Swamp, I say, though dressed in such bright raiment
Of hope and promise, failed, suspended payment,
Gave up its golden issues, and the news,
Which served a day the city to amuse,
Was soon abroad; time never, for one minute,
Had it contained a pennyweight of gold,
Say what had *ever* been deposited in it,
By a smart brace of brokers, keen and bold,
For a new Fancy, and some plump amounts
With which to fatten their slim Bank accounts.
Firkin, the rumor also got about,
With his unerring prudence, had sold out,
The day of the Excursion, when the shares
Touched at the highest figure; and the affairs
Taking soon after a dubious situation,
He, with a burst of virtuous indignation,
Resigned at once the Presidential station!

This was the final blow. The poor stockholder
Stunned by the crash, which even on a bolder,
Less sensitive nature, had fallen with crushing weight,
Struggled no longer with his adverse fate.
Two years of light and shade had quickly flown,
Since he and Rachel stood within the zone
Of wedded life, and, although overcast
By frowning fortunes, still, through all their Past,
Such golden memories flashed, as when the heat,
Sometimes in Summer, in its fervid throe
Behind the heavy clouds, will throb and beat,
And flood the darkness with its tender glow.
But now the present sorrow wore no face
Of hope or play; from its own disgrace
He shrank, with shattered reason; for a space,
Cast frenzied glances on his wife and child,
Then sank in sad oblivion of will,
And thought and sense and sight and being, until,
Gently and calmly, on an Autumn day,
He lost his hold on life and passed away.

Another instance of trenchant satire is this;—Firkin is supposed to be dead, and there is great tumult among his heirs:—

Some hours before, when first the stir began,
They brought the Rector word; the worthy man,
Shocked at the dismal news, sat down to plan
A funeral sermon for the great occasion,
Which should convey, from every earthly station,
The richest member of his congregation.
* * * * * *
For which our Clerical friend is sore perplexed,
Where to discover an appropriate Text!
In vain, on eulogistic thoughts intent,
He turned the pages of his Testament,
Skipped the Beatitudes. The place passed by,
About the camel and the needle's eye;
Wisely discarded, too, as extra hazardous,
The parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus!
Gave up the Gospels; hurried past the facts
Narrated of the early Church, in Acts,
Especially those which state the primitive way
They held all things in common at that day,
(A dangerous theory, to our times unsuited,
And which the Rector had himself refuted,)
Then through the Epistles, but no word was there
From which to canonize the Millionaire,
Butsolemn warnings, ranking wealth and stations,
Not with God's blessings, but the World's temptations,
And flaming words, which, like the sword that turned,
Each way before the gates of Eden, burned
With the swift flash of vengeance, and foretold
Garments moth-eaten, and the cankered gold,
And treasures heaped together for the days,
Which should be lurid with their final blaze!

At last he gave it up; then thought that since,
'Twas not the Christian, but the Merchant Prince,
He was to praise and bury—it was best
To bring his virtues to the easier test
Of worldly wisdom; plant its fairest laurel
On Firkin's brow, and point its finest moral.
The task was easy now; the Rector took
Once more, with lightened heart, the sacred Book,
Turned back the leaves, and chose, with tact surprising,
A text from Proverbs, about early rising!

After reading this our reader will cry, like Osric, "A hit—a very palpable hit."

REDGAUNTLET, by SIR WALTER SCOTT, (Ticknor & Fields, Boston,) is uniform with the beautiful household edition of the Waverley novels, which we have often praised. The picture of Lilias Redgauntlet in the second volume, is an exquisite illustration—the finest, we think, that has embellished the edition.

MORDECK (T. B. Peterson,) is the novel attributed to Walter Scott, several years ago.

A POCKET MANUAL OF PRACTICAL AGRICULTURE. Fowler & Wells, New York.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW. July. Leonard Scott & Co., New York, W. R. Zieber, Philadelphia.

☞ Brahma, the Creator; Vishnu, the Preserver; Siva, the Destroyer—three in one—sprung, according to Hindoo mythology, from Brahm, the Almighty, the one Supreme Being, who existed before everything. The doctrine of the Trinity pervades all religions. It is found in the three principles of Chaldaic theology, in the Triplasios Mithra of Persia, in the nunen triplix of Japan, in the inscription on the medal found in the deserts of Siberia, "to the Triune God;" in the Tanga, or three in one, of the South Americans; in the symbol of the Wing, the Globe, and the Serpent, in Egypt. —*London Weekly Times.*

☞ An instance of the distinction without a difference was offered by the Irishman, who, having legs of different sizes, ordered boots to be made accordingly. His directions were obeyed; but, as he tried the smaller boot on the larger leg, he exclaimed, indignantly, "Confound the fellow! I ordered him to make one *larger* than the other, and, instead of that, he has made one *smaller* than the other."

☞ The Arabs have this laconic argument against duelling, which they consider a silly custom. "If a man insult you," say they, "kill him on the spot; but do not give him the opportunity to kill as well as insult you."

LETTER FROM PARIS.

A Chaos of Brick and Mortar—The Way the Money Goes—City Breathing-Places—A Costly Baby-House—A Novel Chimney—A Blessing to Paris—A Fortunate Witticism—What Reputations are Made Of.

Paris, July 15, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The garden of the Tuileries offers, just now, a most melancholy spectacle. One half of it is enclosed with wooden palisades, inside of which every bit of its surface has been dug up preparatory to the new plan adopted for laying it out. This new arrangement, as previously remarked, is made with a view to the permanent enclosure of this portion of the garden, which will now constitute a private pleasure-ground for the Emperor and his family. The public, which formerly filled every nook and cranny of the entire garden from sunrise till dark, will be reduced to somewhere under two-thirds of its former accommodation; and is by no means pleased at this curtailment.

When it is known that three millions of francs have just been expended on the decoration of "the throne-room" at the Luxembourg—an apartment which the court enters but once a year, when the Emperor opens the session of the Senate in person—it will not seem surprising that the change now being made in the garden of the Tuileries, and in the *château* itself, will cost the enormous sum of eighteen millions of francs! These changes in the building which has seen so many vicissitudes in public affairs, are understood to comprise the addition of a new story to that portion of the palace which fronts on the garden, and serves as the town-residence of the sovereign, together with a thorough re-embellishment of all the imperial apartments.

The amount of building and rebuilding still going on in every quarter of the capital is immense. Churches and public buildings are being isolated in every direction; and round these, the vacant spaces, obtained by the expropriation and demolition of private houses, are converted into pretty little gardens, handsomely railed in, but open to the public, and furnished with seats. The taste with which these pleasant little groveries are laid out, and the ingenuity with which the utmost possible amount of effect, of gravelled walks, of shade, and of flower-beds, is got out of whatever bit of ground is thus restored to the use of the public are worthy of all admiration. In the very heart of the most populous quarters, in the midst of the labryinth of streets frequented by the manufacturing portion of the Paris population, these charming little spots present themselves; the creation of yesterday, yet furnished with trees already big enough to afford a decent shade from the sun, and swarming with women at their sewing, children grubbing delightedly in the light sand with the little wooden shovels, without which no French child would value existence, old men slowly poring over a three-day-old newspaper, and workmen extended drowsily for a quarter of an hour's nap under the trees. In every part of the city these pretty gardens, so useful, ornamental, and healthful are springing up; even the new churches in the more fashionable quarters—as for instance, the new and highly-florid Gothic fane dedicated to St. Clothilda, and just opened in the Rue St. Dominique, close to the Archbishop's palace, and a score of splendid government edifices—are surrounded, or fronted with these nice, neat, flowery, chair-provided little lounging-places for the families of the neighborhood. It would really be well if the great cities of other countries imitated this particular detail of city architecture, even though Paris owes it to the somewhat despotic planning of the present singular *régime*.

The Emperor has built a little gem of a summer-palace for "the child of France," in the midst of the Bois de Boulogne. It stands in extensive, and very beautiful grounds, surrounded by a stone wall about ten feet high, with a magnificent gate-entrance, inside of which is the prettiest and most tasteful porter's lodge imaginable. It is built of fine white freestone, charmingly ornamented, with the prettiest of pretty windows, and an ornamented zinc roof, surmounted by a magnificent tulip of the same metal, which you only discover to be a chimney by perceiving the incrustation of soot which has formed itself upon its petals!

As to the Bois de Boulogne, the only wide outlet for Parisians in want of fresh air and herbage, it is a model in its way; and if its admirable creator—whose fame will far outshine that of the renowned gardener of Louis XIV., Le Notre, be really employed to lay out the new Park which New York is about to give to itself, the public places of your city and of all its other sisters will have nothing to do but to "hide their diminished heads," or "go and do likewise," under the auspices of the same consummate talent and artistic skill!

We erect statues to Generals, Admirals, and inventors of diabolical contrivances for the destruction of towns and of their inhabitants; may we not hope that the time will come when we shall honor still more highly, those whose life is devoted to the beautifying, refining, and rendering more healthy and happy of our great centres of population, to the eminent advantage of their inhabitants?

Future generations will certainly wonder at the nature and growth of many a reputation of past ages. Think, for instance, of the lives and doings of the shallow wits, the effeminate courtiers, and the truckling ecclesiastics of various French reigns, preserved, "like flies in amber," for the admiration and astonishment of succeeding generations, in the interminable "biographies," "memoirs," and "reminiscences" of their contemporaries!

Most curious to contemplate, at this distance of time and of conviction, are most of the easily-won reputations of the seventeenth century, when a pun or witticism was hailed as a brilliant achievement in the idle and talkative circles of the fashionable world. Thus a certain M. Bachaumont, who was courted and flattered during his life, and made the subject of several biographies after his death, owed his reputation to having declared one day when in a merry mood, that "the people who were endeavoring to overturn the Ministry, reminded him of a parcel of children playing at *fronde!* (hurling stones from a sling, an amusement very properly forbidden by the police,) "and running off the moment they caught sight of a constable."

This witticism suggested to the disaffected the idea of attaching to their hats a bit of cord in the form of a sling, or *fronde*, whence the political party whose efforts tended to the overthrow of Cardinal Mazarin, came to be designated as the *Frondeurs*, and the league itself as the *Fronde*. Various epigrams, political squibs and songs, that had a run in their day, completed the reputation of Bachaumont, who had begun life as a clerk to the Parliament of Paris, but whose fame enabled him to scrape together a little money as a lawyer, on which he subsequently retired, spending the rest of his days in epicurean idleness, feted by the great, who were proud to have him at their tables, and having published, with Chapelle, another of the easy wits of the day, an account of their joint journey through some of the distant provinces of France, that was regarded as putting the finishing touch to his literary glory. In the enjoyment of this flimsily-supported reputation did Bachaumont while away a life of dissipation and vanity that extended over a period of seventy-eight years!

As to Chapelle, his history offers an equally curious commentary on the age in which he lived, and on the worth of reputations sometimes handed down, one hardly knows why, by some freakish partiality of fate and the biographers. He was a natural son of Francois L'Huillier, Master of Accounts in the administration of Paris, and Councillor of the Parliament of Metz. Having received from his father a handsome fortune at an early age, Chapelle, who had been bred by him to the law, threw up his practice, and abandoned himself without reserve to his passion for personal independence and pleasure. Of his eccentricities, and his impatience of every species of restraint, innumerable instances are cited by his biographers.

Thus, he was one day going down with the Duke de Brissac for a few day's visit to one of the country seats of the latter. On passing through Angers, Chapelle quitted the Duke for a couple of hours, to visit a canon of that town with whom he was acquainted. The canon, delighted to have news of the capital and the court, and himself a gay man of the world, kept Chapelle to dinner. As they rose from table, Chapelle happened to pick up a book that was lying on a table, and having opened it, his eye fell on a chapter of Plutarch, headed "Whose follows the great becomes a serf." Throwing down the book, and hastily catching up his hat, he bade the canon "good-even," and walked towards the door.

"What! going already, without tasting my choicest liqueurs!" cried the canon, in doleful amazement. But Chapelle heeded not the canon's disappointment, and rushing as fast as he could go to the inn where the Duke was awaiting him, entered the room where the latter was sitting, and exclaimed, doggedly, "I shall go no further with you!" The Duke, supposing that some one had calumniated him, entreated his refractory guest to explain his motive for this refusal, and to allow him to set the difficulty to rights, whatever it might be. Chapelle thereupon recited the words of Plutarch which he had just read at the canon's.

"You are joking, *mon cher amie*," replied the Duke, "you know very well that you will be as free in my house as in your own."

"Plutarch was not of that opinion," replied Chapelle, and having contrived to procure a vehicle, he returned to Paris, leaving the Duke to proceed to his country-seat alone.

Chapelle had contrived to ingratiate himself with Moliere, Racine, and Boileau, whom he frequently visited; and a rumor having been set afloat that he occasionally aided Moliere in the composition of his plays, he took good care not to contradict a report so flattering to his vanity. When people pressed him upon the subject, he would put on a modest air, and reply, "Yes, I am aware that they say so." "But is it true?" would persist the inquirers. "You are not exactly my confessor, I fancy," Chapelle would reply, turning on his heel.

Moliere, however, was not so well satisfied with the rumor in question; and determined to put it down. He therefore asked Chapelle to write the scene of *Curitides*, for his play of *Les Fâcheux*. "With pleasure!" returned Chapelle, who had no suspicion of the trap so willily laid for him, but was delighted at a request which he regarded as flattering in the highest degree.

When he had written the scene, he hastened with his manuscript to the house of the great dramatist. Moliere assembled a great number of his friends, informed them that Chapelle had written a scene for the play on which he was then engaged, and begged them to hear it. He thereupon unrolled the paper, and read the scene aloud. Heavy, turgid, and stupid, the composition of Chapelle sufficed to demonstrate the absurdity of the report that had attributed to him any share in the brilliant works of Moliere.

Chapelle frequently drank to excess, and on these occasions, when his friends had quitted him, he used to call in his servants, setting them to drink with him, and meantime holding forth to them on various points of literature. The servants paid no attention to these disquisitions, but they enjoyed the wine, and willingly kept their master company; he, on his side, being satisfied not to be alone.

On one occasion, we are told by one of his biographers, he was at table with Mlle. Chouars, and both were weeping as though their hearts were breaking. Mlle. Chouar's maid, imagining that some dreadful news must have just reached her mistress, ventured to inquire the cause of her distress. "Oh!" replied Chapelle, sobbing, and wiping his eyes with a corner of the table-cloth, "we are weeping over the death of the unfortunate Pindar killed by his doctors. Listen to the sorrowful recital, and if thou hast a grain of pity in thy heart thou wilt weep as hard as we," and he began, in pathetic tones, to narrate the event. The chamber-maid, not knowing that the tragic occurrence had happened two thousand years before, supposed it to have occurred that very day, and began to weep as heartily as her mistress. Presently a man-servant came in; and Chapelle recounted the same tale to him, and with the same effect; and so on to all the servants, one after the other, until the whole household was in tears.

Another day he got drunk in company with a marshal of France, and the two votaries of Bacchus, having determined in their cups to go to Turkey as missionaries, and preach to the followers of Mahomet, rose totteringly from the table, intent on carrying their project into execution.

"Pardons," cried the marshal, as he made for the door with unsteady step.

"Let me pass first! I must take the lead in this sacred enterprise!" exclaimed Chapelle, in husky tones, and pulling back the marshal by the tails of his coat. But both being equally determined to take the precedence in the work of converting the Turks, a violent quarrel ensued between the missionaries, who, having soon exhausted all the hard words they could think of, began to pelt one another with plates and dishes, footstools and fire-irons, and, in short, raised such a racket that the watch was obliged to interfere, and to separate the combatants who were covered with bruises, and had to be conveyed to their respective pillows with all possible despatch.

Chapelle was one of the guests at the famous supper at Auteuil (a village near Paris, on the banks of the Seine, much resorted to by parties of pleasure) at which, after a drinking bout of five consecutive hours, the party began to descant on the sorrows and troubles of human existence.

"Gentlemen," inquired one of them, "is there anything more unfortunate than to be born?"

"Yes," replied another, "it is still more unfortunate to live."

"We could not help being born," exclaimed a third, "but it depends on ourselves to put an end to our existence. I move that we all drown ourselves in the river."

"Seconded! seconded!" cried the company with one voice. The only one of the party who had preserved some trace of reason was Moliere. Seeing them all preparing to go to the river, and feeling that it would be useless to argue the point with his tipsy companions, he began to cry, with every appearance of enthusiasm,

"Superb! magnificent! antiquity never witnessed a sublimer deed than the one we are about to perpetrate!"

"Yes," cried another, stammering under the influence of his potations, "we will go to the top of the bridge, take one another by the hand, and jump off all together, where the river is deepest, with our pockets full of stones so as to be sure that no impertinent passers can fish us out again!"

"But," returned Moliere, "it is precisely because the act we are about to accomplish will ennoble us in the eyes of all mankind, that we must not perform it in the dark, and out of sight of witnesses. It is night, gentlemen; let us wait for daylight. The world must see our noble deed!"

"That is true," responded the other guests, who forthwith lay down to sleep, some on chairs, some on the table, some on the floor.

Next morning, when daylight awakened the sleepers, the suicidal resolutions of the preceding night were forgotten, and the votaries of what that age called "pleasure," regained their domiciles as well as they could. Chapelle wrote verses in his leisure moments, which, however, were not worth the paper they were written on. The "Journey to Montpellier," already alluded to, which he wrote in conjunction with Bachaumont, is the only production of his pen that has remained to our days, but it is of little more worth than his verses. Born in 1626, he died in 1686; and his name has survived him!

QUANTUM.

Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity;
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind;
Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste;
And therefore is love said to be a child,
Because in choice he often is beguiled;
As waggish boys themselves in games forswear,
So the boy Love is perjured everywhere.
Shakspeare: A Midsummer Night's Dream.

☞ A few days since, a pious old lady preparing to go to church, was seen to take a considerable quantity of gold from her trunk and wrap it by carefully, and put it in her pocket. She stated that it was her habit—that it kept her mind steady at her devotions, "for where the treasure is there will the heart be also."

Learn the mystery of Progression duly;
Do not call each glorious change Decay;
But we know we only hold our treasures truly,
When it seems as if they passed away.

Nor dare to blame God's gifts for incompleteness;
In that want their beauty lies; they roll
Towards some infinite depth of love and sweetness,
Bearing onward man's reluctant soul.
—Adelaide Proctor.

☞ A man, to be truly eloquent, must first possess some well-defined thought which he believes, feels, and with which he is so burdened that he cannot keep it. Then, if his soul is on fire, there is no fear, provided he discards all affectation or artifice, that he will light up a flame in the minds of his audience, of sparkling, living thoughts which shall continue to burn forever.

"Why have so," said Croesus, "your lifetime for gold?
Contentment is better than wealth, I am told."
"Who asked you to meddle?" cried Quix, in a pet,
"It ought to be better—*it's harder to get!*"

☞ An old Dutch farmer, just arrived at the dignity of justice of the peace, had his first marriage case. He did it up in this way. He first said to the man:—"Vell, you vants to be marrit, to you? Vell, you loveah dis voman so goot as any voman you have ever seen?" "Yes," answered the man. Then to the woman: "Vell, do you love dis man so better as any man you have ever seen?" She hesitated a little, and he repeated: "Vell, vell, do you like him so vell as to be his vife?" "Yes, yes," she answered. "Vell, dat ish all any reasonable man can expect. So you are marrit; I pronounce you man and vife." The man asked the justice what was to pay? "Noting at all, noting at all; you are welcome to it if it vill to you any good."

THE LAST DEVIL'S WALK.

[The following poem appears in a late number of Dickens's "*Household Words*." It reads as if it might be the production of Mr. Dickens himself—levelled at those whom he considers his detractors:—]

From his brimstone bed at break of day,
A devil has walking gone,
To trample and char the flowers to death,
To infest the air with his pestilent breath,
And to cloud the morning sun.

And, pray, how was this devil dressed?
Oh! he was cased in an iron vest;
His scales were close, and his rivets true,
With never a chink for a spear to get through.

And over the hill, and over the dale,
He walked, and over the plain,
And an air-gun, elegant, polished, and round,
That would kill miles off, with never a sound,
He twirled like a harmless cane.

And over the laurels of full-blown Fame,
And the tender shoots of the young Good Name,
He stamped with his merciless hoof of shame,
And he left its print on each.
And backwards and forwards he wriggled his tail,
Through rose-trimm'd garden and lily-strewn vale,
Marking his course by a loathsome trail,
Like a snail-track over a peach.

He spied a laborer hard at work,
Early at his vocation.
His prominence offered a capital shot.
"Oho!" quoth the devil, "he sees me not."
So he shoulder'd his piece and he aimed, God wot!
With terrible calculation!

He saw young innocent folks at play,
Blameless, beautiful, wise, and gay,
The prospect liked not him.
So a vitriol-flask from his pouch he drew,
('Twas a devilish deed!) and the liquid threw
O'er the fair young group, whom he left a crew
Of monsters scarred and grim.

He peered in a house; 'twas a goodly manse,
Of time and weather had stood the chance,
And was still erect and fair.
"Aha!" quoth the Devil, "the pile looks well,
But I've fireworks studied for nothing in hell,
If I can't find out where a match or shell
May lead to combustion there."

That Devil could creep where no other fiends can,
He found an unguarded spot,
Where he scraped a mine with his diligent hoof,
And—his train prepared—wall, pillar, and roof,
Blew up in the air like shot!

That breach in the roof is mended now,
Its whereabout few can tell.
But the Devil had done his work that day,
So he crawled him back for his master's pay,
Which he royally spent in a jovial way,
With the lowest devils in hell.

There are many devils that walk this world,
Devils great and devils small,
Devils with tails and devils without;
Devils who whisper, devils who shout,
Devils who mystify, devils who teach;
But the Calumny Devil—as hard to reach
As the snail who, now safe on some distant beech,
Is digesting the core of my favorite peach—
Is the shabbiest devil of all!

THE ELECTIONS.

Kentucky.—The advices from this State indicate that the Democrats have been successful by a large majority. In Louisville the "Americans" were successful by between 200 and 300 majority.

Kansas.—The returns so far received indicate the rejection of the Lecompton Constitution by an overwhelming vote.

	Against Prop'sition.	For Prop.
Atchison county,	827 maj.	
Dauphin county,	568 maj.	
Quindaro,	16	146
Easton,	60	41
Delaware,	100	65
Leavenworth co, (as far as heard from.)	1,614 maj.	
Larimer,	718	4
Franklin,	75	3

The roads throughout the Territory are in very bad order, and the returns come in slowly.

Leavenworth, Aug. 4, via Bonneville, Aug. 7.—It is thought that the whole vote of the Territory, on the proposition of rejecting or accepting the Act of Congress, will reach 13,000; and the opponents of the Bill claim a majority of 9,000. The complete vote of Leavenworth county, and partial returns from three other counties, show a majority of nearly 5,000 votes against the Bill. No returns have yet been received from the Southern and Western counties.

Missouri.—In the St. Louis district Barrett (Dem.) is elected to Congress.

Barrett, (Democrat,)	6,718
Blair, (Emancipationist,)	6,122
Breckenridge, (American,)	5,289

The remaining precincts in the county yet to be heard from, will increase Barrett's majority to nearly, if not quite, 700 votes, and the whole Democratic ticket is elected by an average majority of 500.

The reported Congressional vote in the following counties in the Second District, gives the majorities for Thos. L. Anderson, (Lecompton Democrat,) as follows:—Marion county 206; Pike county 107; Ralls county 200; Calloway county 800 to 1,000. In the Fifth District, Cooper county gives Jas. A. Woodson, (Lecompton Democrat,) 250 majority over both his opponents. Cole county, official, gives J. W. Reid, (Independent Lecompton Democrat,) 550 majority over Woodson. In this county, Cordell, (Dem.) has beaten Gardenshire, (the present Emancipationist Mayor of Jefferson city,) for the Legislature, by 257 majority.

St. Louis, Aug. 7.—It is believed that James A. Craig, the Administration candidate for Congress in the Fourth District, has received a majority of over 3,000 votes.

A Voluntary Slave.—We clip the following from the Frontier (Texas) News of the 3rd ult.

"While in attendance on the District Court, in Tarrant county, one day of the previous week, I witnessed the ceremonies on the occasion of a free negro voluntarily going into slavery. He came into court cheerfully, and there stated in answer to questions propounded by the court, that he knew the consequence of the act—that he had selected as his master W. M. Robinson, without any compulsion or persuasion, but of his own free will and accord. Two gentlemen came in and stated, under oath that they had signed his petition at his request, and that the gentleman he had selected as his master was a good citizen and an honorable man, &c. Jerry is a fine looking negro, some forty years of age, and appears to be smart.

St. Louis, Aug. 7.—Three trains and companies are now organizing in this city, to proceed to the gold mines on Fraser River, via the Plains.

LETTER FROM THE AUTHOR OF "LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND."

Baneful Effects of Saleratus and Cream of Tartar.

Mr. Editor of the Saturday Evening Post:—If you wish to do good to a degree which cannot be calculated, copy the enclosed article on the deadly effects of saleratus and all other kindred powders. When will our women learn wisdom in this country? Every year that passes, sees the miserable death of thousands of little children, killed through the ignorance, in this respect, of the mothers, they themselves dying by inches from the same causes. Many cooks will not relinquish the poison, though they know it to be such. It is *so* convenient they say! So they go on murdering with their trashy hot biscuits, corn breads, &c. Sponge cake, raised entirely by eggs, is the only cake fit to enter the human stomach, all others being like so much essence of dyspepsia. Yet, every day, poor, unsuspecting children take to school lunches of gingerbread, raised by the death hastener, saleratus.

When shall all this end? Isn't it time? Are we not as a nation, puny, white-faced, consumptive, sickly enough to turn over a new leaf? If I thought any body would have sense enough to read it, I would write *such* a non-saleratus-and-general-reform cook-book as would terrify the hot biscuit eaters into propriety and bring back, by its study and use, the roses of health into the forlornly yellow cheeks of my benighted country-women!

Having had my say, I remain, yours truly,

The Authoress of
"Lighthouse Island."

[From the Portsmouth (N. H.) Journal.]

HOW THE TEETH ARE DESTROYED.

Baneful Effects of Saleratus and Cream of Tartar.

As a subject generally interesting and important to the public, I venture to offer some views of my own and others in regard to the articles that head this communication. First, I will give an extract from Mrs. H. B. Stowe's late work on England and Europe. She says (pages 21 and 22):

"How comes it that our married ladies dwindle, fade and grow thin—that their nose inclines to sharpness and their elbows to angularity just at the time of life when their Island sisters round out into a comfortable and becoming fullness? If it is the fog and sea-coal, why then, I am afraid we never shall come up with them.

But perhaps there may be other causes why a country which starts some of the most beautiful girls in the world, produces so few beautiful women. Have not our close heated stove-rooms something to do with it? Have not the immense amount of hot biscuits, hot corn-cakes, and other compounds, got up with the *acrid poison* of *saleratus* something to do with it?"

Extract from an article in the Boston Transcript:

"Cream of tartar and carbonate of soda are far inferior to common yeast for making healthy bread. More cream of tartar, carbonate of soda, and saleratus are used in Boston in making bread, in one day, than are used in all Europe in one year. *It is the extensive use of these articles that is the cause of our young men and young women having decayed teeth.* In France, in the large cities, no one makes, what we, in this country, term family bread; hence, the Government is very strict in its laws regulating the manufacture of bread by the bakers. Officers are appointed to keep strict watch over them, and if detected in using or having in their bakeries, ammonia, saleratus, or carbonate of soda, they are subject to a heavy fine. We should have such laws in this city; then those of us who patronize the bakers would find the staff of life much better support than it is."

The well-known Dr. Alcott, in a letter to the Tribune, says:

"Your readers know, perhaps, that we lose about 300,000 inhabitants of the United States every year; and, that, in my opinion, if they read all that has been written on the subject within a few years, not a few of these might have survived had it not been for the effects of saleratus."

He further says:

"In 1855, a lady in Williamstown took about fifteen boarders—chiefly, if not wholly, young men attending College at that place. She was ignorant of fashionable cookery, but knew *rich* food was preferred. She had heard of saleratus, and that by many cooks it was freely used. Accordingly, she procured a quantity, and freely used it. The warm biscuit were so full of it, as not only to give them a yellow or burnt appearance, but also to render them bitter or nauseous to the taste. Many other articles were filled with it in like manner. In endeavoring to make light puddings she used so much of the article as to make them almost as heavy as lead.

The students called the puddings by the name of specific gravity; and when they wished for a slice would ask to be helped to some of the specific gravity. After the lapse of a few months, a disease broke out among the students so severe that many believed it contagious. Of the whole number, thirteen were confined for a long time—the fourteenth slightly affected for a few days. The house became known as the pest-house. Two of the patients died, and another hardly escaped death. Eleven finally recovered."

To which is added, that the attending physicians, Dr. Sabin and Dr. Smith, never had any doubt that the whole was caused by *saleratus*.

To the above it would be easy to add many more cases, but let these suffice for the present. They may be called extreme cases, and I admit it. So is delirium tremens an extreme case of drunkenness, and so goes more strongly to prove the horrid and destructive evil. But the more particular object of this communication is to awaken the attention of the community to the evils or effects of cream of tartar, saleratus and carbonate of soda on the teeth. Having now for about a quarter of a century had an opportunity to witness their effect on these important organs, I think I can speak with some experience.

One of the most common questions asked of the dentist is, "Why do people's teeth decay more now than they used too?" and it is often accompanied with the declaration, "that my father, mother or grand-parents used to have good teeth, and they say there were no dentists in their day;" and they might have added, neither of the articles above referred to was much in use at the time.

It is now about fifty years since saleratus was introduced to the community. At that time there was but one dentist in Boston, and I may say in New England; he was sufficient for accidents, &c., and did a small business. There are probably at this time five hundred individuals in the business, and I should not be surprised (taking an average) that each does more business than he did. Now, why this great addition to the profession? Is it not by some great and general cause of the decay of the teeth? I am aware that a variety of answers might be made to this question, but too numerous to introduce here. I think if there was a soap introduced into the community (under the plea that it was more convenient) that should destroy the fingers, and the community still persist in using it, we should have another profession, called *fingerists*, that would rise up if loudly called for.

I may be answered that the population has increased. This is true; but not five hundred times. Again, I may be answered that people have more done to their teeth now than they used to. Very good; they have it done because they need it done—but when they had "sound teeth" they did not want it. Again, it is said there are new inventions to preserve and supply teeth. Very well; new inventions do not come forth till the mother of invention calls for them. Children come into a dentist's office from two years old and upward, with sets of decayed and often horribly painful and offensive teeth. Certainly age cannot have much to do with the alarming evil. *Something else is the cause.* On going on board emigrant vessels, I have generally observed the people have good teeth. After being here some time, they go to have their teeth extracted: and they often say that "my teeth did not decay before I came to this country." On asking them if they used saleratus or cream of tartar in their country, their answer has been invariably, "No, never used it till I came here." I have three skulls that came from Paris, all of which have sound teeth. It would be difficult to obtain the like here as to teeth.

Apologists often say that we use but little saleratus, while one open-hearted toothless woman observed, "I used to get it in a *keg*, but I had to send so often I now get it in a *firkin*."

I do not think it is generally known how much of the article is used in the community. To satisfy myself, I took the trouble to ask each of the grocers in Portsmouth how much saleratus and cream of tartar they sold in a year, and the amount of all was—*saleratus* 50,198 pounds; *cream of tartar* 15,100 pounds. Thus, over twenty-five tuns of the former and more than seven of the latter are probably used in Portsmouth and vicinity in a year! Portsmouth has 10,000 inhabitants.

I subjected a handful of teeth to a strong and warm solution of saleratus for about fifteen days; the consequence was, they became as brittle as burnt bones. The same time I subjected some to a solution of cream of tartar, the consequence was not the same, but equally if not more injurious. This also may be called an extreme case, but subjecting them to common water for *fourteen months* would have but little or no effect on them. The saleratus removes the gelatin, the cream of tartar removes the lime, the two principal ingredients of the teeth; and between the two evils the teeth stand a poor chance, and hence the result.

Some patients have observed that they have been recommended to put a lump of pearlash or saleratus in a hollow or decayed tooth for the toothache; and on asking them the result, "Why, it for a time cured the pain, but in a few days the crown of the tooth crumbled away." It would appear that this one circumstance is sufficient to convince any one, that in the article there is a principle most deadly to the life of the teeth, when it is well known that, the crown or enamel of a tooth is by far the hardest of any bone in the body, for after the other bones have returned to dust, this part has been found apparently sound.

Let the importance of the subject be the apology for offering a few more words, as they may be profitable to your readers. You will well remember our late venerable citizen, John McClintock, hale and hearty at over ninety. I asked him if he, in his family, used saleratus or cream of tartar? His reply was, "No! they are both poison." All the physicians of the place whom I have conversed with, and among them the late Dr. Cheever, have agreed that it was "bad stuff." One gentleman in town, having had a regular medical education, informed me that at the time he attended the lectures, the professors and students went into a course of experiments to inform themselves, and that the result was that they were fully convinced of its hurtful and evil tendency. And when it has such apparently bad effect on the teeth, is it not reasonable to conclude that it has some effect on the other bones, and other parts of the system, and more particularly on the lining, or inner coating of the stomach, and in bringing on the somewhat modern disease, dyspepsia; and, more generally, may it not affect the blood and heart?

One of the dealers observed, when he commenced business he used to buy some in a firkin, but now he bought it by the ton. He further said he was aware of the evil effects of it, and in his family they used but very little.

It may be well to say here that cream of tartar may be and is called an acid; saleratus and carbonate of soda are alkalies; both alkalies and acids in a great variety of shapes and mixtures are prepared, advertised, and recommended for cleaning the teeth. That they will generally do it, and sometimes suddenly, is true; but let me tell those that use for the teeth either acids or alkalies under whatever name or preparation, that it is generally well known, if persisted in a length of time, the general consequence is the destruction of the teeth; therefore, under all circumstances that relate to the teeth, have nothing to do with these ingredients in any shape.

To stop the use of the articles—saleratus, cream of tartar and carbonate of soda, now in so general use in the community—I think would be like trying to remove the White Mountains; but I feel it my duty to do my part towards calling the attention of the public to what seems to be a dreadful evil, of which, in my situation, I cannot help being so often and painfully reminded.

SAMUEL BAKER.

Cotton.—A Providence correspondent of the N. Y. Times, says that the best cotton now costs, when delivered either in Providence or Boston, 13¼ cents per pound. Cotton has been steadily advancing in price for eight or ten years, notwithstanding a rapid increase of production. In 1848 the crop exported from the United States was 814,274,000 pounds: the average price was 7.81 cents per pound. The crop of 1846 exported was 1,351,431,701 pounds at 9.41 cents per pound. The exports of 1857 were 1,048,282,475 pounds at 12.55 per pound. The home market in 1856 absorbed 640,000 bales of 400 pounds each, or little less than one-sixth of the entire crop. At present prices this amount of raw material would be worth 831,000,000. It is impracticable to ascertain what additional value is given it by the labor, skill and ingenuity bestowed upon its manufacture, but it is probably no exaggeration to estimate the gross proceeds of this branch of industry in the New England States at $150,000,000 per annum.

To Cure the Appetite for Tobacco.—The New York Independent gives the following as the experience of a clergyman who smoked and chewed tobacco for many years, and used these means to break himself of the habit:—I had a deep well of very cool water, and whenever the evil appetite claimed indulgence, I resorted immediately to fresh-drawn water. Of this I drank what I desired, and then continued to hold water in my mouth—throwing out and taking in successive mouthfuls, until the craving ceased. By a faithful adherence to this practice for about a month, I was cured. And from that time to this have been as free from any appetite for tobacco as a nursing infant. I loathe the use of the weed in every form, far more than I ever did before I contracted habits of indulgence.

Sail-Boats.—Sail-boats are the best friends the coroners have got. Within the last forty days we have chronicled the loss of the lives of forty ladies, mostly young girls. The last mail from California brought us a melancholy account of the loss of fourteen lives by the upsetting of a sail-boat on Victoria Bay, while in the act of taking some passengers from a vessel just arrived to Victoria. A sudden squall struck the boat, and the sad loss of life was the consequence. To manage a sail-boat properly requires more skill than to run a steamboat. They are as tricky as a colt, and flop over with as much ease as an aerobat. Females should keep out of them. They are as full of danger as a powder magazine located over a blacksmith shop.—*Knickerbocker.*

FRENCH DUELLING.

The general attention has been recently attracted to a monstrous French duel. The records of such things in France present another duel quite as absurd, but far less horrible.

At the beginning of the present century the city of Strasbourg resembled Caen in possessing a certain number of wrong-headed gentlemen who took pleasure in getting up disputes. Soldiers of all ranks had ample opportunities of picking quarrels, whenever they wished it, and often when they did not wish it. In 1794, a captain of hussars, named Fournier, indulged in this amusement to his heart's content. At a later period, his merit and his courage earned him the epaulettes of a general of division. His aggressive temper and his address with arms rendered his name celebrated in the annals of the duel. He was invariably the victor in these unfortunate meetings: and Strasbourg had to reproach him for the loss of several of her sons on the most futile motives of quarrel, and especially for having killed, on very trifling grounds, a young man named Blume,—generally beloved, the only support of a numerous family,—whom he had challenged without any plausible reason, and slain without the slightest pity. The death of Blume was regarded as a public misfortune, and sympathized in by a public mourning.

On the very day of Blume's funeral, General Moreau gave a ball, to which were invited all the members of the high bourgeoisie. It was desirable to avoid all the scandalous scenes which could not fail to take place between the fellow-townsmen, perhaps the relations, of the unfortunate deceased and the aggressor, who was styled his murderer. General Moreau, therefore, desired his side-de-camp, Captain Dupont, afterwards the general who capitulated at Baylen, to prevent Captain Fournier from entering the ball-room. Dupont stationed himself in a corner of one of the ante-chambers, and immediately he caught sight of him accosted him abruptly,

"What are you going to do here?"

"Ah! That's you, Dupont? Good-evening. Parbleu! You see what I am doing. I have come to the ball."

"Are you not ashamed to come to a ball the very day of the funeral of that poor, unhappy fellow Blume? What will his friends and his relations say?"

"They may say what they please; it is all one to me. But, I should like to know, what business is that of yours?"

"It is everybody's business. Everybody is thinking and talking about it."

"Everybody is wrong then. I don't like people to poke their noses into my affairs. And now, if you please, let me pass."

"You shall not go into the ball-room."

"And, pray, why?"

"Because you must take yourself off instead. The general orders you to retire to your own apartments."

"Am I turned out of the house?"

"No; it is merely a precaution."

"Are you aware of the consequences of turning Fournier out of doors?"

"I do not want to hear any of your rhodomontades. Just have the goodness to take yourself off."

"Listen!" said Fournier, in a fury. "I cannot have my revenge of the general, because he is my superior officer; but you are my equal; you have presumed to take your share in the insult, and you shall pay for the whole of it. We will fight!"

"Listen, in return," replied Dupont. "I have long been out of patience with you; I am disgusted with your bullying ways; and I hope to give you a lesson which you will long remember."

Fournier passed a sleepless night. He would have gone mad with vexation, had he not been consoled by the hope of killing Dupont. But the result of the combat was not what he expected, for Dupont gave him a frightful wound.

"You fence well," said Fournier, as he fell.

"Not badly, as you see."

"Yes; but now I know your game. You won't catch me another time—as I will show when I am well again."

"You wish for another encounter?"

"Parbleu! That's a matter of course."

In fact, after a few weeks' nursing, Fournier, for the second time, was face to face with his adversary. It was now his turn. He gave Dupont a home-thrust, with the comment—

"You see clearly you hold your hand too low to parry properly. After you have made your thrust, you gave me time to stick three inches of cold iron between your ribs."

"This is only the second act," cried Dupont. "We'll come to the catastrophe as soon as possible."

Fournier would have liked to conclude the third act by the aid of the pistol, but Dupont claimed the military privilege which obliges officers to fight with their swords. Dupont was wise in maintaining his right, for Fournier's experiness as a pistol shot is still remembered with astonishment. He had accustomed his servant to hold between his fingers a piece of money, which he sent flying with a bullet at five-and-twenty paces distance. And frequently one of the hussars of his regiment, as he galloped past smoking his pipe, was surprised to find it smashed between his lips, without suspecting that Fournier had amused himself by making a target of the tobacco-bowl.

The catastrophe, since so we must style it, brought about no decisive result; they each received a trifling scratch. Then these two wise-heads, annoyed at so negative a result, agreed to recommence the struggle until one of the two should confess himself beaten, and should renounce all further resistance. They therefore drew up the following little treaty, which still exists in the possession of Colonel Berger:—

I. Whenever Messieurs Dupont and Fournier shall happen to be within thirty leagues' distance of each other, they shall each perform half the distance, for the sake of a meeting sword in hand:

II. If one of the two contracting parties is unavoidably hindered by his military duties, the party who is free shall travel the whole of the distance, in order to reconcile the necessities of the service with the exigencies of the present treaty:

III. No excuse shall be admissable except those resulting from military obligations:

IV. The present treaty being entered into in good faith, its conditions may be modified with the consent of the parties.

This treaty was executed. Whenever the two madmen were able to meet, they fought, and the most extraordinary correspondence, in the second person, too, the most familiar form of French speech, was exchanged between them.

I am invited to a dejeuner by the officers of the Regiment of Chasseurs at Luneville [wrote one of them]. I expect to take a journey there to accept this polite invitation. As you are on leave of absence there, we will take advantage if you like, of my short stay, to have a poke at each other.

Or again:

DEAR FRIEND,—I shall be passing through Strasbourg the fifth of November next, about noon. You will wait for me at the Hotel des Postes; we will have a little fencing.

Sometimes the promotion of one of these duellists puts a temporary stop to the regular course of their encounters. The third article of the treaty enjoined respect for the military hierarchy. There is a letter from Fournier to Dupont, as follows:

MY DEAR DUPONT,—I am informed that the Emperor has done justice to your merits by promoting you to the rank of General of Brigade. Accept my sincere congratulations on an advancement which is no more than the natural consequence of your knowledge and your courage. For myself, there is a double motive for rejoicing at your nomination. In the first place, the satisfaction given by a circumstance so flattering to your future prospects; and secondly, the permission which it gives us of having a turn together at the first opportunity.

The singularity of this affair, lasting, as it did, many years, attracted in time the public attention. Dupont and Fournier strictly observed the clauses of their treaty. Their persons were marked with numerous scars; they continued, all the same for that, to cut and slash at each other in most enthusiastic style; and General Fournier used to observe, now and then,

"It is really astonishing that I, who always kill my man, cannot contrive to kill that devil, Dupont!"

By-and-by, General Dupont received the order to join the Army of the Grisons. Dupont was not expected, and no preparations were made for his reception. There was no inn on the spot occupied by the staff. The General was in vain trying to find a lodging, when he perceived before him a chalet, through whose windows the light of a fire was gleaming. Dupont did not hesitate to go and ask shelter and hospitality of the fortunate inhabitant of the wooden cottage. He knocked at the door; he opened it; he entered. A man was sitting writing in front of a bureau; he turned his head to regard his visitor. Recognizing the unexpected guest who came to interrupt his correspondence, he said, before the other could cross the threshold,

"Ah! that's you, Dupont. We will have a little bit of a fence."

"By all means; with all my heart," said Dupont to Fournier, who chanced to be the occupant of the chalet. And they set to work, chatting between the passes.

"I thought you were employed in the interior?" said Fournier.

"The minister has put me into the fourth corps."

"Really! What a curious coincidence! I command the cavalry there. And so, you are only just arrived?"

"I got out of the carriage five minutes ago."

"And your first thoughts were devoted to me. How very kind!"

At last, General Dupont's sword, after traversing General Fournier's thrust, struck the wall.

"Sacredié!" shouted Fournier.

"You did not expect that?"

"Yes, I did. Directly I left my guard, I saw that I was caught. But 'tis you who don't expect what is going to happen."

During this little dialogue, one of the speakers played the part of naturalist, the other the part of butterfly.

"Well, let us see what is likely to happen."

"The moment you stir, I shall give you a thrust in the belly. You are a dead man."

"I will ward your thrust."

"Impossible."

"I won't stir my sword an inch. I will keep you pinned till you throw down your sword."

"Do you know that this is a very disagreeable position?" said Fournier.

"For you especially. Throw down your sword, and I will allow you to quit it."

"No; I intend to kill you."

Fortunately, the noise which the two generals made, was heard by the officers, who came and separated the combatants.

Dupont, the more reasonable of the two, now and then thought of the absurdity of a quarrel, which still went on after so many struggles, and asked himself whether he should not be doing right in killing Fournier, to make an end of the matter. Besides that, he was going to get married. One morning he called on Fournier.

"Are you come to fix a day for a match?" inquired the latter, on seeing him enter.

"Perhaps I am; but first of all, let us talk a little. Listen to this; I intend to get married; and before I enter the serious state of matrimony, I should like to have done with you."

"Oh! oh!"

"Our quarrel has now lasted for nineteen years. I do not wish to continue a style of life which my wife might consider not exactly comfortable: and therefore, in virtue of the fourth article of our treaty, I am come to propose a change in the mode of combat, and so to have a final meeting, the result of which shall be decisive. We shall fight with pistols."

"You don't think of such a thing!" cried Fournier, in astonishment.

"I know that that is your strong point; but to equalize the chances, we will do this, if you like. One of my friends has, at Neuilly, an inclosure planted with trees, and completely surrounded with walls; there are two doors to it, one at each end. On a day, and at an hour to be agreed upon, we will go to the inclosure separately, armed with our two holster-pistols ready loaded, to take a single shot with each. We will try which can find the other, and who catches sight of the other, shall fire."

"That's a droll idea."

"Does it suit you?"

"Ten o'clock on Thursday morning—will that do?"

"That's it; agreed. Adieu, till Thursday."

The hour and the day determined on, they were punctual at their rendezvous. As soon as they were inside the inclosure, the two antagonists sought after each other cautiously, halting to listen at every step. They advanced slowly, with their cocked pistols in their hands, eye on the watch, and ear all attention. At the turn of an alley they perceived each other; by a rapid motion they threw themselves behind the trunks of a couple of trees; in this position they remained for a considerable time, when Dupont resolved to act. At first he gently waved the tail of his coat just outside the tree which protected him; he then protruded half the thickness of the fleshy part of the arm, drawing it back again instantly.—It was lucky for him that he did so; for immediately afterwards, a bullet sent a large piece of bark flying. Fournier had lost a shot.

In the course of a few minutes, Dupont recommenced the same manœuvre on the opposite side of the tree-trunk, and he embellished his original idea by showing the tip of his pistol barrel, as if he in turn were watching for an opportunity to fire. Holding his hat in his right hand, he displayed it as far as the rim. In a twinkling, the hat was blown away; fortunately there was no head inside it. Fournier, therefore, had wasted his second bullet.

Dupont then sallied from his fortress, and marched up to his adversary, who awaited him in the attitude of a brave man for whom there is no further hope. When Dupont was within a couple of paces of his enemy, he said:

"I can kill you, if I like; it is my right and my privilege; but I cannot fire at a human creature in cold blood. I spare your life."

"As you please."

"I spare it to-day, you understand clearly; but I remain the master of my own property, of which I allow you the provisional enjoyment. But if ever you give me any trouble, if ever you try to pick a quarrel with me, I shall take the liberty of reminding you that I am the lawful owner of a couple of bullets specially destined to be lodged in your skull; and we will resume the affair exactly at the point where I think proper to leave it to-day."

So ended a duel which began in seventeen hundred and ninety-four, and only finished in eighteen hundred and thirteen.

HINTS TO THE GIRLS.

Did you ever see a lady
Look into a stranger's face,
In an omnibus or rail-car,
As if saying, "Sir, your place?"

Did you ever see a lady
Walk up to the church pew door,
Lace and ribbons all demanding,
"Yield your pew?" and nothing more?

Did you ever see a lassie
Flirt into an old man's chair,
And, unheeding age and honor,
Let him stand—no matter where?

Never see the stage coach emptied,
For some fidget in her pride,
And the weary man of business
Tumbled out to ride outside?

Never go to hear a lecture,
When some fashionable dear
Would come in and make a bustle
When you most desired to hear—

Routing half the congregation,
And disturbing all the rest,
As if she were all creation,
Being fashionably dressed?

Now, dear girls, if you're so thankless,
So exacting and so free,
Time will come when gents will answer,
"Ma'am, this seat belongs to me."

Never, girls, disturb a lecture,
Church, or ball, where'er you go;
Still respect the rights of others—
This is "Woman's Rights," you know.

Never ask a man abruptly
To resign his chosen place:
If 'tis offered thank him kindly,
With a smile upon your face.

If the road is long and weary,
And he cannot find another,
Bid him share the comfort with you,
As you'd share it with a brother.

Thus you may receive forever,
Given with a spirit free,
True respect and love and kindness,
Better far than gallantry.

CARRIE PERKINS'S PRAYER.—Little Carrie Perkins was a great pet of mine; indeed, she was the sunbeam of the house. She was only three years old, but she had a strangely mature way of talking sometimes, that made her seem very interesting. Every night I went to her room for a good-night kiss; and never shall I forget how sweetly she used to look in her little night dress, as she knelt down at her mother's side and said "Our Father," nor how reverently she used to fold her little hands at the close and say,

"Good night, dear God, and please take good care of little Carrie."

"Why, Carrie," said her mother, the first time she added this to her prayer, "you shouldn't talk to God so."

"Shouldn't I!" said the little prattler; "I love God, and why shouldn't I say good-night to Him before I go to sleep, just as I do to you and aunt Annie!"

Her mother looked thoughtful, but only replied by kissing her; and always after that she repeated her good-night petition.

THE ORIGINAL SONG OF ANNIE LAURIE.

[Prof. Aytoun, in his "Ballads of Scotland," gives the following:—]

ANNIE LAURIE.

Maxwelton banks are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
Where me and Annie Laurie
Made up the promise true.
Made up the promise true,
And ne'er forget will I,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay down my head and die.

She's backit like a peacock,
She's breastit like a swan,
She's jimp about the middle,
Her waist ye weel may span.
Her waist ye weel may span,
She has a rolling eye,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay down my head and die.

RELIGIO CHRISTI.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Penna.]

I cannot specify any particular stage of thought to which I had got, or say further than that I was still canvassing the subject, when I met with an essay which opened it up to the full extent of The Divine Origin of The Hebrew Sacred Books. It was most remarkable that I should just then meet with such a dissertation, for at this time it was not once in twelve months or two years that I met with a book of any kind. A Sydney newspaper once perhaps in five or six months, was the full measure of my reading. The progress of American settlement in this respect is very different from that which was going on in Australia in my time.

I had undertaken for a new settler, whom I met with in Sydney, a large order for building timber, to be cut as near his farm as proper trees were procurable. His farm was about two hundred miles up the country. As his dray was in Sydney, my mate and self took advantage of it for the conveyance of our clothing and tools. It was some three or four years since I had been in Sydney before; so we let the team go on without us, not following for some days. It had reached to within a single day's stage of the farm before we came up to it. Here, in the midst of one of the loveliest scenes of the ever varying natural scenery of the country, was a rum shop; and here the teamster had camped to spend his last few shillings. What sort of a reformatory process our English transportation system at this time must have been, may be again surmised from the fact that this man, and almost every other teamster on the road, were convicts under sentence; and that though the masters never or rarely gave them money to travel with, but only a ration, they never were without a pretty well-filled purse.

The hut of the rumseller stood in a long, winding, level vale; the greensward and the forest for miles on either side so perfectly park-like, that one used to the aspect of elaborately beautified domains, could hardly persuade himself that it was anything less that he saw here. Small, bold hills constituted its bounds on the sides; save where now and then a little arm of similar character ran off from the main valley. It varied in width as the hills approached or receded: thus sometimes leaving a passage of but a few rods between gentle slopes; but others sweeping back in the form of a horse-shoe round lovely little plains of a half or quarter of a mile diameter. The trees were large-headed and green, now in clumps, now scattered far apart. The surface was generally very level, and the grass green and fine. Little lakes and ponds, margined with flowering flags, relieved the prospect, light breezes ever and anon dappling their waters; whilst flocks of birds gathered and sported in the trees around.

When we reached the spot early in the afternoon, there was already a "mob of stockmen" there, besides the men of our team, and of several others travelling the same way. As it was a very hot day, we concluded not to go on till the morrow. One of the first objects which I noticed on entering the hut was a book of a very familiar-looking aspect (to me) on a shelf on the opposite side of the hut. I went across and took it down. It was the London Quarterly Review, one of the most erudite productions of the European periodical press. I opened it, and found a very extensive review of "Champollion's Egypt." The custom of the superior reviews, is not so much to criticise particular books, as to concentrate into one masterly dissertation all the known principles of the subject of those books. This had been done in the article in question. A vast amount of fact and philosophic induction presented itself to my eager and rapid scrutiny of the essay. After dinner, leaving the insane revel for those who found it more congenial than I did, I hastened away with my treasure to the shade of a distant tree. By the time the sun was sinking in the golden west, and soft airs sighing around me the dirge of another day, spoke to my heart of the transitory nature of this earthly life, and the deepening shades of evening reminded me of that night to which our little day shall sooner or later surely come, I had pretty well reached the conclusion that the Bible was both a true and an inspired record. Hieroglyphics thousands of years old, and which were meant for no such end as our decyphering; sculpture, and paintings, and domestic articles, which had been buried thirty centuries and more, could be no false witnesses. The entire relics of a nation could be no bearers to posterity of a peccant tale. Men of the Hebrew form and physiognomy—so unique, so peculiar, so unmistakable—Hebrew men and women occupying the precise social position assigned them in the Hebrew Sacred Books, *had lived in Egypt*. And everything that could be verified of the events of that country and era, whether by the earlier labors of Young, or the later and more successful method of Champollion, went to support the credit of the Mosaic accounts.

Next morning as soon as breakfast was over I started. I went on alone, for my mate preferred to keep with the dray, which travelled slowly;—but carried the keg. I made my way forward right, till within about four miles of the end of my journey, and then got on a wrong track. Some little while past noon I came out on wide, grassy, treeless plains, and being uncertain whether I was going wrong or right left the road, which was but little worn into the turf, and struck across to a farm which I saw on the side of a large knoll a couple of miles off. Scarcely had I done so, before there came sweeping and rolling along, right athwart my course, one of those thick fogs to which I afterwards found that part of the country was liable. To find the farm now, I knew would be impossible, and I turned, endeavoring to intersect my road again. But it was in vain. When night came on I had got among spurs of the forest so as to be unable any longer to judge which way lay the main body of the plain. I knew, moreover, that I was on the edge of the coast mountain, and that if I once got bewildered in its gullies I might give myself up for lost. The decline of the ground, too, along a great leading ridge, is often so slow and gradual, as to be imperceptible when one cannot see far ahead. I knew that I might wander on and on, for many hours, if I happened to keep the fall of a great leading ridge, and not know I was descending till I was right down in the depths of the gullies, and even then, I should not perhaps find it out till I had travelled some distance and found the hills closing in upon me, more and more, till they became overhanging crags. No course remained but to stop for the night. The fog had thickened into a misty drizzling rain. I got to the sheltering side of a little scrub tree, the largest I could find, for I was among low stunted timber, and there I sat down. It was dark, wet and cold; but my brain was then unworn by the toils which have since been its lot, and in the course of a couple of hours I had sunk into a profound repose. Once in the course of the night I awoke. The rain was plashing, and the wind sweeping masses of storm-cloud along overhead: but where I lay, on the lee side of the close thicket, its force was rather an advantage to me than otherwise, as it drove the rain beyond me. I was wet but not chilled, and soon slept again. When daylight came I set forward, and after a while, found some well worn paths which I knew must be sheep paths. Following these I came out in a short time on an open plain, and still keeping them, saw at last smoke rising from the roof of a low hut. A welcome sight it was.

Here I found a couple of shepherds and their flocks and a hut-keeper stationed. Their sheep were just let out of the hurdles, and standing drenched and spiritless enough in two separate groups not far from the hut. Sheep show no disposition to travel much in very wet weather; the men had put them out and left them to act as they chose, and were having their breakfast, in which I was ready enough to join them.

All day it continued the same weather—mist and rain and wind. The flocks did not move out of sight of the hut; only when the fog became for a while unusually dense, the shepherds had to send their dogs to prevent them from dividing into small lots. We had a blazing fire, and the hut was tolerably rain-proof. I got some dry clothing, and took up my temporary residence in one of the berths among heaps of blankets and 'possum skin cloaks.—Thence I listened to some stories of lost men in that part, which made me feel that I had been fortunate, after all. One poor fellow, a tailor, had gone from his own station to another, about four miles off, to undertake some work. There was a path, but there were also many cattle tracks, and he being a new comer in the country, did not know how to distinguish the one from the other. He got to where he had to go safely, and started to go back.—That day and the next and the next passed, without his reaching home. Every possible search was made, but neither tidings nor trace of him could be got. At length, months afterwards, the aborigines came and said they had found the bones of a white man. They proved to be the poor tailor's. He had got bewildered; wandered away down into the gullies of a trackless, forest-clad mountain; and in his last efforts to extricate himself, had endeavored to keep some trace of his forward way, in case he should have to turn back, by snipping off with his shears little pieces of the cloth he had with him, and letting them fall on the ground as he went along. Another man had been cutting bark for a tanner; wandered in search of some more trees over a hill which he knew well enough, into some hollows beyond, which he did not know;—was never heard of again.—Another case was that of an independent settler, an aged gentleman, who was very much addicted to taking a book and reading as he went along through the woods. One afternoon he left his family and sauntered along, reading, over some park-like hills. But they were on the very borders of the noted Shoalhaven gullies. He was seen no more.

For nearly a week I did not attempt to travel. It was one of the periodical storms of the country, and kept on, without intermission of more than a few minutes at a time, day and night. I had overshot the farm I was going to, about fifteen miles. When at length the weather cleared, the men put me on a main road which passed within about three miles of their huts, and I finally reached my destination.

On prospecting I found there was no eligible timber within ten or twelve miles of the farm. In short, in the plains and openings, which are so peculiarly suited to sheep farming, only timber of a very stunted and meagre growth is found. Rather than be restricted to this, I preferred to pitch my hut in the adjacent part of the coast mountain. The place where I found the timber I wanted, was just over the brink of the table land, about a dozen miles from the nearest station. The brush was so dense that in making our dray road from the top of the ridge to the spot selected for a saw pit, we had to begin chopping at opposite points and guide each other till we met, by frequently shouting. But when an opening was made, there, many and many a mile over the tops of the trees, and over the great mass of ravines below, we could see the sea like a narrow blue streak running along next to the horizon. Some of the small animals were so ignorant of men that they actually suffered us to approach and strike them down. The trees were of gigantic size, and interspersed with huge vines which bound them together so that we met with some trouble oftentimes, in getting them down after they were chopped through. In most places not a sun ray ever reached the ground; it was always wet, and covered with rotting foliage and windfalls. Only the stealthy foot of some lone aborigine flying from his tribe for crime, or hastening his escape from a vindictive foe, ever pierced the dismal shades and tangled thickets of that terrible wilderness.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE FIRST CANNON-SHOT.*

BY W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

Come, chant again a noble strain, and sing of Crecy's wondrous day,
When Saxon bow met Norman steel, and vanquished in th' unequal fray:
When in the thickest of the fight young Edward's princely crest flamed far,
And gallant hearts exultant glowed, lit by its sheen as by a star.
Oh, bravely fought our lion-prince! Oh, all undaunted smiled our King!
"Now, tell my son," quoth he, "this day to him shall endless glory bring:—
"Tell him," quoth he, "his spurs to gain; his be the honor of the fray!"
Oh, I wot that English hearts will e'er remember Crecy's wondrous day!

All hurtling through the darkened air the arrowy sleet fell fierce and fast,
And, drooping low, in very shame, the Oriflamme to earth was cast;
Bohemia lost his ostrich-plume—Lorraine his spotless shield of pride—
While o'er the field rang out the shout—"St. George for England!"—far and wide.
Alencon humbled bit the dust—Philip sped headlong from the fight—
And all the bloody plain was dark with dying serf and bleeding knight;
And thus Prince Edward won his spurs; his was the honor of the fray;
Oh, I wot that English hearts will e'er remember Crecy's wondrous day!

And when the fight was at its worst (and Gallic fire is hard to quell,)
King Edward wrought a magic feat—list to the wondrous tale I tell!
Front of our ranks he deftly placed a brave machine—an engine dire,
From whose hot mouth there hotly leapt (oh, fearful sight!) a tongue of fire;
And, urged by some mysterious force, on demon-wings the huge stones sped
Right, right into the Frenchmen's ranks, and piled the field with ghastly dead!
Oh, a wondrous thing this cannon seems, and it won for us the dreadful fray,
And the First Cannon-Shot was fired on memorable Crecy's day!

Anear my post, a grave-browed man, was he who fired this engine dread—
And much he muttered to himself as ball on ball resistless sped;
"A mighty deed I do this day"—I caught by chance his words of scorn—
"A mighty deed! and one, I trow, eclipsed by none of woman born.
Lo, the *first* Cannon-Shot I fire! who knows what man shall fire the *last*?
Earth must first roll through seas of blood; grave upon grave be thickly cast;
Thrones shall be shaken; nations born; anarchies leap from tyrant-sway"—
'Twas some such words the wizard spake on Crecy's memorable day.

"At last," quoth he, "the despot-reign of Strength, of brutal Strength is o'er,
And mailed baron clad in steel shall tread on jerkined serf no more:—
Oh, cursed ever be each shot that men shall fire in Truth's despite,
Accursed ever be each shot that arms anew the tyrant Might;
Accursed ever be each shot that speeds the Law to overthrow,
Or strengthens foe already strong against a weak and suppliant foe;
Accursed ever be the shot for Conquest fired, in lawless fray,"—
'Twas such brave words the wizard spake on Crecy's memorable day.

"But, ah!" cried he, as Philip's host went flying o'er the fatal field,
"Ah, blessed be each shot that speeds to force the startled despot yield!
And blest be every cannon-shot fired in the freeman's noble cause,
When bold hearts troop in serried ranks to fight for Freedom's equal laws;
And blest be every shot that's fired when nations, warm with glorious hate,
Rise 'gainst the despot who would fain a people's spirit subjugate!"—
Such were the words the wizard spake, i' the storm-depths of that mighty fray:
So the FIRST CANNON-SHOT was fired on Crecy's memorable day!

* Cannon were first used at the battle of Crecy, A. D. 1346.

THE USE OF OIL.—In this country children are "perpetually watered" as though they were amphibious animals. In the East Indies, children are rarely washed with water; but they are oiled every day. A child's head can be kept much cleaner, if oiled, than without, and many young people with hectic cheeks would probably never have known the last days of consumption, if their parents would insist on having the chest, back and limbs, anointed with sweet oil two or three times a week. The Hebrew physicians seem to have considered oil as more efficacious than any other remedy. The sick were always anointed with oil, as the most wonderful means that was known of checking diseases.

A "hoss" doctor in Olean made a bet of twenty dollars that he could remove from any horse anything that nature had not placed on the beast—meaning ringbone, spavin, etc. A wag took the bet, showed him a mortgage for one hundred and fifty dollars on a favorite horse, and pocketed the twenty dollars.

ON THE PATH.

BY RUTH BUCK.

In the path toiling, I thought not of toil,
Troubles might meet us, I did not recoil.
Sunshine above us, but in our hearts more,
Rich in bright hopefulness, outwardly poor:
'Twas thus we started, thy hand clasping mine,
Thou my love owning, my faith built on thine.

"On the path," saidst thou, "together we'll keep,
Though it be thorny, love, though it be steep.
Alone one might falter, but we hand and hand
Strength each from each, love, can ever command."
Yet I—the weaker—have held to the track,
Singly have reached the goal; thou hast turned back.

On the path, sadly and lonely I sped,
Silently, tearlessly, buried my dead;
One by one buried them out of my sight,
Deep in the heart that, near thee, was so light.
Hope with its blossoms all withered and shed,
Love, Faith, and Fellowship—these were my dead!

On the path still, but my toil is nigh done;
I've but to enter the home I have won.
Home!—what a word! but the name is too sweet
When the heart rests not, and the tired feet,
As o'er the threshold they wearily tread,
Raise by their echo the ghosts of the dead.

From the path stepping, too clearly I see
Not what is present, but what was to be:
From the dark grave where I laid them to rest,
The Love and the Faith that were dearest and best,
Like phantoms arise which the tomb cannot keep,
And I lose them anew, having leisure to weep.

A WOMAN'S LOVE,

AND A WIFE'S DUTY.

BY MRS. A. OPIE.

You command, and I obey; still, so conscious am I of the deceitfulness of the human heart, and especially of my own, that I am doubtful whether I am not following the dictates of self-love, when I seem to be actuated by friendship only; as you have repeatedly assured me, that the story of my life will not alone *amuse* and *interest* you, but also hold up to an injudicious and suffering friend of yours, a salutary example of the patient fulfillment of a *wife's duty*.

There is something very gratifying to one's self-love, in being held up as an example; but *remember*, I beg, that while to oblige you I draw the veil from past occurrences, and live over again the most trying scenes of my life, I ink myself more a warning than example; d that, if I exhibit in any degree, the difficult and sometimes painful task—the fulfillment of a wife's duty—I at the same time exhibit the rash and dangerous fervor of a *Woman's Love*.

I must begin my narrative, by a short account of my progenitors.

INTRODUCTION.

My grandfather and the grandfather of Seymour Pendarves were brothers, and the younger sons of a gentleman of an ancient family and large possessions in the county of Cornwall; some of whose paternal ancestors were among the first settlers in America. Disappointments, of which I never heard the detail, and dislike of their paternal home, determined these young men to leave their native country, and embark for the new world, where the family had still some land remaining, and on the improvement of which they determined to spend a sum of money which had been left them by a relation. They carried out with them, besides money *enterprise*, *industry*, *integrity*, and *talents*. After they had been settled in Long Island three years, they found themselves rich enough to marry, and the beautiful daughters of an opulent American farmer became their wives.

My grandfather had only one child—a son; but his brother had a large family, of whom, however, one only survived—a son also. These two cousins were brought up together, and were as much attached to each other as if they had been brothers.

Never, as I have been told, was there a scene of greater domestic happiness, than my grandfather's house exhibited, till death deprived him of his beloved wife. He did not long survive her; and my uncle soon afterwards lost her equally-beloved sister, whose health had been destroyed, first by the fatigue of attendance on her sick children, and then by grief for their loss.

George Pendarves, the sad survivor of so many dear ones, now lost his spirits—lost that energy which had so much distinguished him before; and he soon sunk under the cessation of those habits of exertion and temperance, which he had once practised, and, after two or three years of protracted suffering, died. Thus, the two youthful cousins found themselves both orphans before they had reached the age of twenty.

They had not inherited their parents' dislike of Europe. On the contrary, when their fathers imparted to them the learning and the elegant arts which they had acquired at the university, and in the society of England, they were impressed with respect and admiration for the sources whence such precious stores were derived, and resolved to enter themselves at an English college.

Accordingly, having put a confidential agent into their farms, they set sail for the land of their ancestors, and arrived at Pendarves Castle, the seat of their eldest paternal uncle, who had come into possession of the estates on the death of his father.

At this time, my mother and Lady Helen Seymour, the daughter of Lord Seymour, were both on a visit there. The young Americans had now been some months expected, and their relations had long been amusing themselves with conjecturing what these savages (as they fancied them) would be like; while they anticipated much pleasure from beholding their surprise at manners, scenes, and accommodations, so different from their own. Nor was my mother, though she was their relation, and herself a Pendarvee, less forward than her friend Lady Helen to hold up these strangers in a ridiculous view to her imagination, and to express an unbenevolent eagerness for the arrival of the *Yankees*.

At length, they came; and it was on the evening of a ball, given by Mr. Pendarves, to celebrate the birth-day of his wife. The dance was begun before they arrived; and their uncle was called out of the room to receive them. He went with a heart warmed with fraternal affection, and yearning towards the representatives of his regretted brothers; but the emotion became overpowering when he beheld them; for those well-remembered brothers seemed to stand before him in improved loftiness of stature, dignity of person, and beauty of feature. From their mothers, they had inherited that loveliness and symmetry, which so peculiarly distinguished American women: and in stature they towered even above their father's family.

The young men, at the same time, were considerably affected at sight of Mr. Pendarves, as he reminded them strongly of their parents. While these endearing recollections were uppermost in their minds, Mr. Pendarves at first wholly forgot how different his nephews were from the pictures his laughter-loving family had delighted to draw of them. But when he did recollect it, he enjoyed the idea of the surprise which their appearance would occasion.

Their dress, as well as their manners, bespoke them perfect gentlemen; but their hair was not yet spoiled by compliance with the fashion of England at that period; for it curled, uncontaminated by powder, in glossy clustering ringlets on their open brows.

Such were the young men who now followed Mr. Pendarves to the apartment in which his lady received her guests.

"Dear me! how surprising!" cried the lady, who was very pretty, very volatile, and very apt to think aloud. "Are these the Yankees? Why, I protest they look more like Christians than savages, and are like other people, except that they are much handsomer than other people."

This last part of her speech made some amends for the first part; but had she been of a contrary opinion, Mrs. Pendarves would have uttered it; and the glow of indignation on their cheek was succeeded by that of gratified vanity, for their hostess added to her compliment, by asking Mr. Pendarves if he was not quite proud of his nephews.

He replied in the affirmative, declaring himself impatient to show them to the assembled family. It was therefore with cheeks dyed with becoming blushes, and eyes sparkling with delight at the flattering welcome which they had received, that they followed their uncle to the ball-room, but at his desire they stopped within the folding-doors, whence they surveyed the gay groups before them. Mr. Pendarves made his way among the dancers, and accosting his guest, Lady Helen Seymour, and Julia Pendarves, his niece, told them they must leave the dance a little while, for he must present to them the *Yankees*, who were just arrived.

"I will come as soon as I have been down the dance," they both exclaimed. "But how unfortunate they should come to-night! for what can we do with them in a fine party like this? because," said Julia, "though they may do to laugh at in our own family circle, one should not like to see one's relations supply subjects for laughter to other people."

The dance was now beginning, and Mr. Pendarves, smiling sarcastically as he listened to his niece, allowed her to dance to the bottom of it, secretly resolving that she should now *cut* him for that introduction which she had thus delayed; and in the meanwhile he amused himself with watching for the first moment when Lady Helen and Julia should discover the two strangers, which he knew they could not fail to do, as the dance down which they were now going, fronted the folding-doors.

Mr. Pendarves did not watch long in vain; Lady Helen and her companion saw them at the same instant, and were so struck with their appearance, that they were out in the figure, and wondered to their partners, who those strangers could be.

"I cannot think," replied one of the gentlemen; "but they look like brothers, and are the finest and handsomest men I ever saw."

Julia whispered Lady Helen,

"Is it possible these can be your Yankee cousins? If so, I am so ashamed."

"And so am I; and do look at my uncle, he is laughing at us."

"Oh, it must be they—I am so shocked!"

When they reached the bottom of the dance, they vainly looked towards Mr. Pendarves; he cruelly kept aloof. The strangers turned, however, eagerly round at hearing some one behind them address another by the name of Miss Pendarves.

Their glowing cheeks, their animated looks, were not lost on their equally conscious observers, and Mr. Pendarves now good-naturedly came forward to put a stop to this embarrassing dumb show, by presenting the cousins to each other, and then introduced them to Lady Helen.

You remember my mother, and you have seen a picture of Lady Helen: you will not wonder, therefore, that the sudden admiration which Lady Helen felt that evening for George Pendarves, and my mother for Charles, was as warmly returned. It even seemed that their attachment foreran that of their lovers, for the cousins went to college without disclosing their love. On their return, however, finding the dangerous objects whom they meant to avoid still at Pendarves, they ventured to make their proposals: and unsanctioned by parental authority, Lady Helen and my mother accepted the vows of their lovers, and pledged theirs in return.

I shall pass over the consequent misery which they underwent, and simply state that the two friends were at last so hurried away by their romantic affection, that they allowed the cousins to *carry* them to Gretna Green; and that after the ceremony they embarked from the nearest Scotch port for America.

At first Lady Helen was too happy in the new ties which she had formed, to feel much sorrow or much compunction when she remembered those which she had broken. But when she became a parent herself, and learnt the feelings of a mother, she thought with agonizing regret on the pains which she had inflicted on her own, and in the bitterness of awakened remorse, she supplicated to be forgiven. The answer to this letter was sealed with black, and was in the hand of her father! It was as follows:

"Your mother is dead, and it was your disobedience which killed her. Expect, therefore, no forgiveness from me. SEYMOUR."

A fever of the brain was the consequence of this terrible stroke, and her life was despaired of. In the agonies therefore of anxious affection, George Pendarves wrote to Lord Seymour, retorting on him his own blow, for he told him that his letter had *killed Lady Helen*.

The wretched husband inflicted as much pain as he intended; for Lady Helen, however faulty, was Lord Seymour's *favorite* child—his only daughter; and the next letters from America were expected with trembling anxiety. The information, therefore, that Lady Helen was better, was received with gratitude, though it did not procure an offer of forgiveness.

My mother, though not quite such a culprit as Lady Helen, because she was one of many daughters, left an aged grandmother and an affectionate uncle with whom she lived; but the former pronounced her forgiveness before she breathed her last, and suffered the will to remain in force in which he had left her a handsome legacy. Nor was her uncle himself slow to pronounce her pardon. She therefore had no drawbacks on her felicity but the sight of Lady Helen's constant dejection, which was so great that my father thought it right to make an effort to procure her the comfort of Lord Seymour's pardon.

The troubles in America were now on the eve of breaking out, for it was the year 1773; and the joy of my birth was considerably damped to my affectionate parents by the increasing agitation of the country. But George Pendarves was too miserable and too indignant to write himself; he therefore gladly deputed my father to write for him. While they were impatiently awaiting the reply, they both busied themselves in politics, in order to escape from domestic uneasiness; and though undetermined which side to take, they were considerably inclined to espouse the cause of the mother country, when Lord Seymour's answer arrived, in which he offered Lady Helen and her husband his entire forgiveness, on condition that the latter took part against the rebels, as he called them, and accepted a commission in the English army, which would soon be joined by his son, Colonel Seymour.

It is impossible to say which at this trying moment was the governing motive of George Pendarves—whether it was chiefly political conviction, or whether he was influenced insensibly by the wish of conciliating his father-in-law, in order to restore peace to the mind of the woman whom he adored; but certain it is that this letter hastened his decision, and that my father, who loved him as a brother, coincided with him in that decision, and resolved to share his destiny.

Accordingly, both the cousins *accepted* commissions in the British army; and when Colonel Seymour met his brother-in-law at headquarters, he presented to him a letter from his father, containing a fervent blessing for Lady Helen and himself.

The husband and the brother soon after obtained permission to visit the one his wife, and the other his sister; and something resembling peace of mind, on one subject at least, returned to the patient Lady Helen, while with a mother's pride she put into the arms of her brother her only child, Seymour Pendarves, to whom, unpermitted, she had given the name of her family, and who was then seven years old. But now a *new* source of anxiety was opened upon her. Her husband was become a soldier, and she had to fear for his life; nor was she in a state to follow him to battle, as she would otherwise have done, because she had lately been confined with a dead child. My mother was in this respect more fortunate; for she was able to accompany her husband to the seat of war, and she persisted to do so, though both my father and his cousin earnestly wished her to stay with Lady Helen and myself, I being at that period only two years old.

But my mother had set up her husband as the only idol whom she was called upon to worship, and before that idol she bowed down in singleness of adoration; nor could the inconvenience to which her resolution exposed him at all shake her constancy. She was equally insensible also to the anxiety which her leaving Lady Helen at such a time occasioned, both to the husband and the brother of that amiable being.

The reply of, "It is my duty to accompany my husband as long as I can," silenced all objections from others, and all the whisperings of her own affectionate heart; and she tore herself away, though not without considerable pain, from the embrace of her friend, and committed me to her maternal care.

Dreadful was the moment of separation between Lady Helen and her husband; but the former bore it better than the latter; for, as her mind was impressed with the idea that she had deserved her afflictions, she believed that by patient submission to the Divine will, she could alone show her sense of the error which she had committed. Yet, independently of the violence thus done to the enjoyment of affections, it was impossible for a feeling heart and a reflecting mind to contemplate that awful moment without agony—that moment, when brother was about to arm against brother—when men speaking the same language, and hitherto considering themselves as subjects of the same king, were marching in dread array against each other, and breathing the vows of vengeance against those endeared to them perhaps by habits of social intercourse and the interchange of good offices. Such was the scene now exhibited at Lexington, in the April of 1775; for there the *first* blood was spilt in the American contest.

In that hour of deadly strife, my mother's trial was not equal to Lady Helen's; for she could linger around the fatal field, she could ask questions of stragglers from the army, and her daily suspense would end with every day; while other anxious wives around her, by sharing, soothed her uneasiness. But Lady Helen was in a sick chamber, surrounded by servants and by objects of interest which only served to heighten her distress: for, as she gazed upon her son and her charge, she knew not but that she was gazing at that moment upon fatherless orphans. There is certainly no comparison in strength between the uneasiness which can vent itself in *exertion*, and that which is obliged by circumstances to remain in *inaction*.

But not at the battle of Lexington was the heart of Lady Helen doomed to bleed. Her husband escaped unwounded, and once more he returned to her and to his children. The interview was indeed short, but it was a source of comfort to Lady Helen, which ended but with her life. His looks—his words of love during that meeting, were treasured up with even a miser's care; for, after their parting embrace—after that happy interview, they *never met more*.

George Pendarves fell in the next decisive battle, which was fought near his residence. By desire of his afflicted brother, the body was conveyed to his own house, which was near to that of the unconscious widow. The bearers mistook their orders, and conveyed it home. Lady Helen, who was at that moment teaching me my letters, after having set Seymour his lesson, broke off to listen to an unusual noise of feet in the hall; then gently opening the door, she leaned over the baluster to discover the cause. Young as I was, never can I forget the shriek she uttered, which told she had *discovered it!* while, wildly rushing down stairs, she threw herself upon the bloody corse. We, echoing her cry, followed her in helpless terror; but fear and horror were my only feelings. Poor Seymour, on the contrary, was old enough to take in the extent of the misery, and I yet hear his fond and fruitless exclamation of "Papa! dear papa!" and his vain, but still repeated supplication, that he would open his eyes and speak to him.

Lady Helen now neither screamed, nor spoke, nor wept; but she sat in the *silent desolation* of her soul on the couch by the body of Pendarves, with eyes as fixed and even as rayless as his. There was a something in this still grief which seemed to awe the bystanders into stillness also. No hand was lifted to remove *her* from the *body*, nor the *body* from *her*. The only sounds of life were the *sobs of Seymour*; for my cries had been checked by alarm and the groans of the compassionate witnesses, or the grief of the servants. But this state of feeling could not last long, and I remember that Seymour destroyed it; for, looking terrified by his mother's changed countenance, he threw his arms passionately around her, conjuring her not to look so terribly, but to take him on her lap, and speak to him. The attendants now came up to take her away; but she resisted all their efforts with the violence of frenzy, till she sank exhausted into their arms, and could resist no longer. The month that ensued was a blank in the existence of Lady Helen; that pressure on the brain from which she had suffered so much before returned, and delirium, ending in insensibility, ensued. When consciousness was restored, her feelings of humble piety and deep contrition returned with it, and kissing the rod which had chastised her, she resolved for our sakes to struggle with her grief, and enter again upon a life of usefulness.

My father, meanwhile, fought, and my mother followed his fortunes. Once he was brought wounded to his tent, and she was allowed to nurse him till he recovered. After that, she had to cross the country, and endure incredible hardships; but her husband lived, and hardships seemed nothing to her.

During this time—a period of two years—I have heard Seymour Pendarves say, that he dreaded his mother's receiving a letter from the army, because it made her so wretched. He used to call my father and mother uncle and aunt; and when, in seeing her affliction, he asked her whether uncle Pendarves was shot, or aunt Pendarves ill, she was accustomed to reply,

"No—they are indeed sufferers, but have much to be thankful for; for *he lives*, they are *together*, and SHE IS HAPPY!"

In the October of 1777, the British army, commanded by General Burgoyne, under whom my father now served, and held a major's commission, were obliged to lay down their arms at Saratoga—yet not before my father had been severely wounded, and taken prisoner. This was a new trial to my mother's constancy; but her courage and her perseverance seemed to increase with the necessity for them; and had she wanted any other incitement to fortitude, than her conjugal affection and her sense of duty, she would have found it in the splendid example of Lady Harriet Ackland, whose difficulties and dangers, in the performance of a wife's extremest duty, will ever form a brilliant page in the annals of English history.

Some of the dangers and many of the difficulties of Lady Harriet had been endured by my mother, but had ended in her being allowed to share the prison of my father; when, on the surrender of General Burgoyne's army, the officers were allowed to return on their parole to England.

My father, therefore, was glad to hasten to that spot from choice, to which he might be ultimately driven by necessity; and my mother, who never liked America, was rejoiced to return to the dear land of her birth. Lady Helen, meanwhile, had undergone another sorrow; but one which, during its progress, had given a new interest to life. Her brother, Colonel Seymour, had been desperately wounded at the beginning of the year 1777, and had been conveyed in a litter to the house of his widowed sister.

Had the wounds of Lady Helen's heart ever been entirely closed, this circumstance would have opened them afresh. "So," she was heard to say, "would I have nursed and watched over my husband, and tried to restore him to life; but to go *at once*—no *warning*—no *preparation!* But God's will be done!" and then she used to resume her quiet seat by the bedside of her brother; whom, however, neither skill nor tenderness could restore.—He died in her arms, blessing her with his last breath.

Colonel Seymour was only a younger brother: but having married an heiress, who died soon after, leaving no child, and bequeathing him in fee her large fortune, he was a rich man. This fortune, as soon as he was able to hold his pen, he bequeathed equally between his sister, Lady Helen, and her son, desiring also that his remains might be sent to England, to be interred in the family vault of his wife.

I was five years old, when my father and mother returned to us, to prepare for their departure to England, and to prevail on Lady Helen to accompany them; and I have a perfect recollection of my feelings at that moment—or rather, I should say, of my first seeing them; for Seymour and I were both in bed when they arrived. I have heard since, that my father's resemblance to his brother awoke in Lady Helen remembrance even to agony, and that he was not much less affected. I also heard that my mother soon hastened to gaze upon her sleeping child, and to enjoy the luxury of being a parent, after having been so long engrossed by the duty of a wife; for, though she had been confined once during her perils, her confinement had not added to her family.

The next morning I remember to have felt a joy—I could not tell why—at hearing that my father and mother were come, and that I was both pleased and pained when Seymour ran into the nursery, screaming out,

"Oh, Ellen! my uncle and aunt are come, and I have seen them: but they are very ill-looking, poor souls! and my uncle is so lame!"

"Ill-looking, and my papa lame!" thought I. It was with difficulty the nurse could prevail on me to obey the summons; and I behaved so ill when I got to their bedside, that they were glad to send me away. It was impossible that I could know either of them, they were really so pale and haggard through fatigue and suffering; and I shrunk frightened and averse from their embraces.

True, the name of mother was associated in my mind with all that I best loved, for by that name I called Lady Helen. But why did I so? Because she had been to me the tenderest of guardians, and had fulfilled the duty which my real parent had been forced to resign. On returning to the nursery, I found Lady Helen, to whom I clung in an agony of tears, satisfied that *she* was my *own dear mamma*.

But when my father and mother were seated at the breakfast-table, and gave me some of the nice things set before them, I became less averse to their caresses, and before the day was over, I consented to have one papa and two mammas, while Seymour assured me he thought my papa, though *ill*, very handsome, and like his own poor papa.

At first Lady Helen shrunk from the idea of returning to England; but she at length consented, from consideration of the superior advantages which her two young charges would receive from an English education, and as it was evidently in conformity to her brother's intention. Accordingly, in the beginning of the year 1779, we arrived at Liverpool, bringing with us the bodies of Colonel Seymour and George Pendarves.

Well was it for Lady Helen that we reached the inn at Liverpool at night, and that she had some hours of refreshing slumber to prepare her for the surprise which awaited her the next day. While she and my parents were at breakfast the following morning, and Seymour and I were amusing ourselves with looking out at the window, we saw a very elegant carriage drive up to the door; our exclamations called Lady Helen to us.

"What are those pretty things painted on the sides, mamma?" asked Seymour.

"An earl's coronet, and supporters to the arms, my dear," repeated Lady Helen, in a faint voice, and suddenly retreating, as she saw there were gentlemen in the carriage, who looked up on hearing the children's voices. It was her father.

Nor had time, suffering and sickness so altered her beautiful features as to render them irrecognizable by a father's heart. Catching the arm of Lord Mountgeorge, his son, who was with him, Lord Seymour exclaimed—

"Oh, Frederic, surely I have beheld your sister!" And, with trembling limbs, he alighted, and reached the rooms bespoken for him.

He was on his way from London to the seat of a gentleman near Liverpool, from whose house he was to proceed to his own place in the North.

He now sent for the landlord, and begged to know if there were not some American strangers in the house; and on receiving from him a confirmation of his suspicions, he desired one of the waiters to tell Major Pendarves that a gentleman begged to see him.

On entering the room Major Pendarves took in silence the hand which the agitated earl in silence tendered to him. The past and the present rushed over the minds of both; while Lord Mountgeorge, whose emotion was less violent, begged the major to prepare his sister to receive them.

In the meantime, Lord Seymour, with his heart full of his lost son, surveyed with respectful pity the faded cheek and altered form of the once blooming Charles Pendarves.

"You did not look thus when we last met," said he; "but you have suffered in a noble cause, and you have only lost your *health*."

Here the lip of the bereaved parent quivered with agitation, and Lord Mountgeorge turned mournfully away.

My father then rejoined his party with evident agitation.

"What new sorrow awaits me?" cried Lady Helen; "for I see it is for me you are affected, not for yourself."

"No, my friend; these tears are tears of emotion, but of pleasure also."

"Pleasure!"

"Yes. Lord Seymour and your brother are in the next room, and eagerly long to see you."

The feelings which now strove for victory in Lady Helen's breast were too much for her weakened frame to support; and shuddering and panting, she caught hold of my mother to save herself from falling, while the scream of the terrified Seymour, as he beheld her nearly fainting on the sofa, was heard by the anxious expectants, who hastily entered the room.

Lady Helen, who had not lost her senses, instantly sunk on one knee before her agitated parent, and pushing her son toward him, desired him to plead for his unhappy mother.

"Helen!" cried Lord Seymour, in a voice broken by sobs, "you need no advocate but my own heart!"

And Lady Helen was once more clasped to his bosom.

"And is this fine creature my grandson?" said he, gazing with delight on Seymour, while he kissed his open forehead; then seating himself by his daughter on the sofa, while Lord Mountgeorge sat by her on the other side, he drew the wondering boy to his knee.

My father now presented my mother and myself to Lord Seymour.

"I am disappointed," said he, civilly; "I hoped, Mrs. Pendarves, that this lovely girl was my grandchild also."

This was enough to conciliate my young heart, and I wondered to myself, I remember, why my Lady mamma should have seemed so sorry at seeing such a good-natured old gentleman; nor could I conceive why Lord Seymour, as he kept looking on Lady Helen, should shed so many tears.

"My poor Helen!" cried he, "your face tells a tale of sad suffering—and Augusta, too—both gone! But they fought bravely."

"Ay—but they *died!*" cried Lady Helen, clasping her hands convulsively.

"And they shall both have a magnificent monument erected to their memory, my child," cried Lord Seymour.

Lady Helen looked gratefully up in her father's face as he said this.

Lord Seymour now wrote to his friend, to say that he and his son were prevented paying him the promised visit; and the next day we all set forward for the seat of Lord Seymour.

I forbear to describe poor Lady Helen's feelings when we reached Seymour Park, and what she endured, when she visited, at her own family vault, the remains of her beloved mother, after she had seen her husband and brother interred in that of the *latter*. But she had the consolation of knowing that Lord Seymour's resentment had made him unjust, as a mortal malady had long been preying on her existence.

Having only visited Seymour Park in order to witness the funeral solemnities, my father and mother soon took their leave, and, to my great agony, insisted that I should accompany them on their projected visit to Pendarves Castle, and also to my grandfather and grandmother; and I well recollect the violent sorrow which I experienced when I was torn from Seymour and Lady Helen. I was told, however, that I should certainly come back to them, and not soon leave them again; and that pacified me. Indeed, it was my father's intention to settle near Lady Helen Pendarves, who meant to fit up a cottage in the park for their residence.

When my father and his cousin first came over to England, they had found some property due to them in right of their father's will. This property was vested in the English funds, and there it had remained untouched, both principal and interest, for eight years. During this period, it had accumulated so much as to be sufficient for us to live upon, should the event of the war be such as to cause the confiscation of our American estates; and my mother had also to receive the legacy bequeathed by her grandmother. Their present enjoyment, therefore, was not clouded over (to my parents) by the fear of pecuniary distress; and after their first arrival at Pendarves Castle, (that scene so fraught with grief in its results to friends most dear to them,) they looked forward with joyful anticipations to the future.

They were speedily joined there by my mother's uncle and her parents. Thither, too, Lady Helen had at last resolution to venture also; and I was again united to my brother Seymour, as I always called him.

On leaving her carriage, Lady Helen desired to be shown to my mother's apartment, in order to recover herself before she saw the rest of the family; for she dreaded to encounter the thoughtless Mrs. Pendarves, who would say things that wounded the feelings in the most susceptible part.

On the third day, while she was administering a nervous medicine to her widowed guest, she could not help exclaiming,

"Poor dear! what will all the physic in the world do for you, cousin Helen? as the man says in the play—

"'What can minister to a mind diseased?'

And—

"'Give physic to the dogs.'"

Here my mother, with a pathetic look, motioned her to be silent—but in vain.

"Nay, my dear Julia!" said she, "I must speak: my dear cousin Helen will not know else how I have cried and lain awake all night with thinking of her miseries."

"She does not doubt your kind sympathy, dear aunt—she does not indeed?"

"But she cannot be sure of it, Mrs. Charles, unless I tell her of it, and tell her

"'I cannot. But remember, such folks were,
And were most dear to all.'

Oh! he had

——"'An eye like Mars'

and that is quite appropriate, you know, as he died in battle. I mean your poor husband, poor George Pendarves! not your brother—I never saw him."

My mother looked aghast. Since the death of George Pendarves, no one had ever ventured to name him to Lady Helen;

"But fools rush in where angels dare not tread."

And Lady Helen hid her face in agonizing surprise on my mother's shoulder.

"Ah! one may see by your eyes that you have shed many tears. Why, they tell me you never knew what had happened till you saw the poor dear love lying dead and bleeding. There was a shock! Oh! how I pity you, dearest soul! I have often thought it was a mercy that you did not fall over the balusters, and break your neck!"

"It broke my heart!" screamed out Lady Helen, in the voice of frenzy, unable to support any longer the horrible picture thus coarsely brought before her; and in another moment the house resounded with her hysterical cries; while Mrs. Pendarves added, she could not but think Lady Helen was very bad still, as she could not bear to be pitied; though pity

was said to be very soothing—and though she,

"——"Like pity on one side,
Her grief-subduing voice applied."

As my mother expected, Lady Helen now conceived a terror of Mrs. Pendarves, which nothing could conquer; and her health became so visibly worse, that she quitted the place the following week, accompanied by my father and mother, and my mother's uncle, to London, leaving Seymour and myself behind, to be spoiled by our too-indulgent relatives.

In a short time, my father and mother had settled their pecuniary concerns, and purchased furniture for their new habitation, of which they now hastened to take possession; and there we soon joined them.

I have detailed thus minutely the sentiments and sorrows of those with whom my earliest years were passed, as I believe that by them my character was in a great measure determined; and that I owe the merit which you attribute to me, and the crimes of which I am conscious, to having been the pupil of *Lady Helen*, and the daughter of *Julia* Pendarves.

The next three years passed quietly away; but my parents observed with pain that Lady Helen's visits to Seymour Park became more and more frequent, though Lord Seymour had married a young wife before his daughter's return, who was jealous to excess of Lady Helen's influence over her lord, and that she had evidently lost much of her enjoyment of their society. The truth was, that though Lady Helen did not envy the happiness of my parents, it was not always that she could bear to witness it; because it recalled painfully to her mind the period of her life when *she was equally* happy; and she had no longer that sympathy with my mother which is the foundation and the cement of friendly intercourse; so true is it, that *equality of prosperity*, like *equality of situation*, is necessary to give *stability* to friendship. My mother, though she felt this, was too delicate openly to repine.

My intercourse with her, and the benefit which I derived from her instructions, remained the same, for I was always allowed to accompany Lady Helen to Seymour Park.

But, alas! the tide of sympathy towards my poor mother, which had been checked in Lady Helen's bosom by happiness, now flowed again with increased fulness, when she was summoned to console her under a sorrow kindred with her own.

My father had been saved from the dangers of war, to perish at home by a *violent death*. He was thrown from his horse, struck his head against a stone, and died upon the spot.

Lady Helen having removed her to her own house, devoted her whole attention to the offices of a comforter. In proportion as my poor mother's sense of happiness had been keen, her sense of privation was overwhelming.

But, so curiously, so mercifully are we fashioned, that we are sometimes able to derive medicine for our suffering from its very excess.

My mother was, as you well know, a woman of *high aspirings*, and loved to be pre-eminent in all things. She was proud of her conjugal love; she was proud of the dangers which she had dared under its influence, and of the sufferings to which she rose superior, to prove the tender excess of that love; she was proud, also, of her good fortune, in having her husband's life so long preserved to her, and she gloried in his devoted and faithful affection. But now of this idolized husband she was bereaved in a moment, and without any alleviating circumstances.

Soothing, though painful, are the tears which we shed for those who fall in battle; and sweet, "like music in the dead of night," heard after distressing dreams, or while we are kept waking by mournful realities, falls the sound of a *nation's regret* on the ear of those who weep over a *departed hero*.

But my father died *ingloriously*, and yet my mother felt pride derived from that *very source*, for it made her, in her own estimation, *pre-eminent* in trial; for how hard was it, after having shared her husband's dangers, and the struggles of war, to see him perish at home, the victim of an ignoble accident!

"Had he died in the field of glory, I might have found," she cried, "some solace in his renown; and I was prepared to see him fall, when others fell around him. But to perish *thus!* oh! never was woman's trial so severe!"

And thus, while descanting on the pre-eminence of her misfortunes, she got rid of much of their severity.

You remember with what eloquence my mother used to describe what she had endured in America; you have also, I believe, heard her speak of the manner of my poor father's death: but you never heard what I have often listened to, with the pity which I could not utter, Lady Helen's assertion of her own trying sorrow, when my mother had harrowed up her feelings by the painful comparison.

"You may remember, that you were happy *many years:* but I" (here tears choked her voice) "remember, that while you were allowed to prove your love by soothing the sufferings of the being whom you adored, and had his smile to reward you, *I* was forced to prove mine only in the privacy of solitary and almost maddening recollections. Till recently, *you* have never known a *real affliction;* and I—oh! when have I *for years* experienced an enjoyment?"

This language used to *silence*, if it did not *convince* my mother.

But however they might dispute on the superiority of their trials, they loved each other the better for them, and were now scarcely ever separated.

Hence, Seymour and I were in a measure educated together, till it was judged fit that he should go to a public school. This painful trial was imposed on Lady Helen by her relations, and approved by her own judgment against the suggestions of her feelings; when I was eleven, and Seymour near fifteen years old; and when our mothers (as I was not long in discovering) had projected a union between us, and had promised each other to do all they could to ensure it.

Thus ends my *Introduction*.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ He that despiseth small things, shall fall little by little.—*Ecclesiasticus.*

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

CABLE SUCCESSFULLY LAID—1,950 STATUTE MILES, AND NOT A SINGLE BREAK—DISPATCH TO AND FROM THE PRESIDENT, &c.

TRINITY BAY, Aug. 5.—The Niagara and Gorgon arrived at Trinity Bay yesterday, and the Atlantic Cable, the working of which is perfect, is being landed to-day.

LETTER FROM CYRUS W. FIELD.

TRINITY BAY, (N. F.,) Aug. 5, 1858.—The Atlantic Telegraph Fleet sailed from Queenstown on Saturday, July 17th, and met in mid-ocean on the 26th.

The cable was spliced at 1 o'clock, P. M., on Thursday, the 29th, and the vessels then separated, the Agamemnon and Valorous bound to Valencia, Ireland, and the Niagara and Gorgon for this place, where the latter arrived yesterday, and this morning the end of the cable will be landed. It is 1,698 nautical or 1,950 statute miles from the telegraph house at the head of Valencia harbor, and the telegraph house, bay of Bull's Arm, Trinity Bay, and for more than two-thirds of this distance the water is over two miles in depth. The cable has been paid from the Agamemnon at about the same speed as from the Niagara.

The electrical signals are sent and received through the whole cable perfect.

The machinery for paying out the cable worked most satisfactorily, and was not stopped for a single moment.

Capt. Hudson, of the Niagara, Messrs. Everett and Woodhouse, the Engineers, and the Electricians and officers of the ship, and, in fact, every man on board the Telegraph Fleet exerted himself to the utmost to make the expedition successful, and by the blessing of Divine Providence succeeded.

After the end of the cable has been landed and connected with the land wire telegraph, and the Niagara discharged some cargo belonging to the company, she will go to St. John's for coal and then proceed at once for New York.

CYRUS W. FIELD.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT TO THE PRESIDENT.

BEDFORD SPRINGS, Aug. 5.—The first intimation of the success of the Atlantic Telegraph enterprise was received by President Buchanan in a despatch from the Philadelphia Agency of the Associated Press. The following despatch from CYRUS W. Field, Esq., to the President, was subsequently received:

ON BOARD THE U. S. STEAMSHIP NIAGARA,
TRINITY BAY, August 5.

To the President of the United States.—Dear Sir:—The Atlantic Telegraph cable on board the U. S. frigate Niagara and H. B. M. Steamer Agamemnon, was joined in mid-ocean on Thursday, July 29th, and has been successfully laid. As soon as the two ends are connected with the land lines, Queen Victoria will send a message to you, and the cable be kept free until after your reply has been transmitted.

With great respect, I remain your obedient servant,

CYRUS W. FIELD.

ANSWER OF THE PRESIDENT.

BEDFORD SPRINGS, August 6.

CYRUS W. FIELD, Esq., Trinity Bay, N. F.—My Dear Sir: I congratulate you with all my heart on the success of the great enterprise with which your name is so honorably connected. Under the blessing of Divine Providence, I trust it may prove instrumental in promoting perpetual peace and friendship between the kindred nations.

I have not yet received the Queen's despatch.

Yours, very respectfully, JAMES BUCHANAN.

CAPT. HUDSON TO HIS FAMILY.

The following despatch has been received from Capt. Hudson to his family:—

TRINITY BAY, Aug. 5.—God has been with us. The telegraph cable is laid without accident, and to him be all the glory. We are all well.

Yours, affectionately, WM. L. HUDSON.

On the 5th, a break unfortunately occurred in the Newfoundland Telegraph between Port Hood and Badeeck, on the Island of Cape Breton. The resumption of operations has been anxiously expected all day, but the line still continues down, with but little prospect for to-night. Nothing later has consequently been received.

HALIFAX, N. S., Aug. 6th.—We have, as yet, no communication this morning with the Trinity Bay Telegraph Office, and have, therefore, nothing important to communicate, in addition to the satisfactory report of yesterday, from Mr. Field.

Our last advices left the Engineers and their assistants employed in getting the cable ashore at the Bay of Bull's Arm. No doubt was entertained but that the Agamemnon had arrived at Valencia Bay, but as the telegraphic instruments for the transmission of intelligence have never been put up on board of either vessel there can be no actual communication, except by signals, until after both ends of the cable shall have been connected with the shore, which may require several days.

The news was received with salutes of 100 guns in Chicago, Bangor and Worcester,—by the ringing of bells in Harrisburg, Portland, &c.,—and by general rejoicing and enthusiasm from Halifax to New Orleans.

At the semi-centennial dinner of the Alumni of the Theological Seminary, Andover, Mass., Aug. 5, which was attended by a thousand persons the successful laying of the telegraph cable was announced amid the most unbounded applause. After a prayer, the whole audience joined in singing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

TRINITY BAY, (N. F.) Aug. 7, 1858.—The complete success of the Atlantic cable is placed beyond all doubt. Signals are now being made through the whole extent of the cable, but it is unlikely that the cable will be opened for business for several days, or perhaps weeks, as the electricians will require time for a series of experiments with their recording intruments. Due notice will be given of the opening of the line for business.

TRINITY BAY, Aug. 7.—TO THE ASSOCIATED PRESS, NEW YORK.—The Atlantic telegraph cable was successfully landed here yesterday, and is in perfect order. The Agamemnon has landed her end of the cable, and we are now receiving signals from the Telegraph House at Valencia. The U. S. steamer Niagara and H. M. steamers Gorgon and Porcupine leave for St. John's to-morrow.

Due notice will be given when the Atlantic Telegraph line will be open for public business.

CYRUS W. FIELD.

MR. FIELD'S REPLY TO THE PRESIDENT RELATIVE TO THE EXPECTED MESSAGE FROM THE QUEEN.

BEDFORD SPRINGS, Aug. 8.—The President has received the following despatch from Cyrus W. Field, Esq., in reply to his intimation that he had not yet received the Queen's message:—

TRINITY BAY, Aug. 7.—*To His Excellency, Hon. James Buchanan, President of the United States, Bedford Springs*—Your telegraphic despatch has been received. We landed here in a wilderness, and, until the telegraph instruments are all perfectly adjusted, no message can be recorded over the cable. You shall have the earliest intimation, but some days may elapse before all is effected. The first message from Europe shall be from the Queen to yourself, and the first from America to England your reply. With great respect, very truly, your friend,

CYRUS W. FIELD.

According to Mr. Field's log-book, the Niagara anchored in Trinity Bay, at 1 45 A. M., on Thursday, August 5th. At 2 45 A. M., received a signal from the Agamemnon, that she had paid out one thousand and ten miles of the cable—and at 5 15 A. M., the Telegraph Cable was landed. At 6 A. M., the shore end of the cable was carried into the Telegraph House, and a strong current of electricity received through the whole cable from the other side of the Atlantic. Capt. Hudson then read prayers, and made some remarks.

Total amount of cable paid out since the splice was made, one thousand and sixteen miles six hundred fathoms. Total amount of distance run, eight hundred and eighty-two miles. Total amount of cable paid out over distance run, one hundred and thirty-four miles and six hundred fathoms—being a surplus of about fifteen per cent.

FRIDAY, August 6.—Have been receiving all day strong electric signals from the Telegraph House in Valentia.

NEWS ITEMS.

CAPT. DE RIVIERE was arrested at Savannah, Georgia, on the 5th, at the instance of Col. Blount, and was confined in jail in absence of bail. It was rumored that both Mrs. and Miss Blount sustained De Riviere, and the next day he was discharged from custody.

THE EMIGRATION TO FRASER RIVER.—A correspondent of one of the journals, writing from San Francisco by the last arrival, says that up to this time the emigration to the Fraser gold region amounts to between thirty-five and forty thousand; twenty-five thousand went by sea—the names of the vessels and the number they carried being given.

GERRIT SMITH has been nominated for Governor, by a small Convention in Syracuse, New York.

BRITISH PACIFIC RAILROAD.—Extraordinary intelligence has reached here to the effect that the British Government have had an overland route surveyed from their possessions in the Rocky Mountains to a certain point in Canada, by which they will be able to construct a railroad *over their own territory on this continent*, uniting the Pacific with the Atlantic. The proposed route is much shorter than that of our Government, and as the British Government stands ready to secure a certain fixed rate of interest to all who may choose to invest in this great enterprise, its feasibility is beyond doubt. I have this information from the highest authority.—*Washington Correspondent.*

A WEALTHY HEIRESS TO BE MARRIED.—Miss Jane Lloyd, the wealthiest of English heiresses, is to be married to Col. Lindsay, the "hero of the Alma," who was lucky enough to get nine Russian balls fired into the colors which he carried, without receiving one in his own body. The fortune of Miss Lloyd is stated by the London Illustrated News to be from twenty-five to thirty millions of dollars.

A PARROT in the Faubourg of St. Germain, whose age is ascertained beyond doubt to be over sixty years, has actually laid an egg.

BARNUM, it is asserted, is engaged to give a series of lectures the ensuing winter in London, on "Humbug, Money-getting, and Money-losing," three subjects he has perhaps studied more intently than any man living.

THERE is to be a pigeon-shooting tournament at Lafayette, Indiana, on the 22nd, 23rd, 24th and 25th days of September. As it is anticipated that sportsmen and the crack shots of the United States and Canada will attend, several thousands of wild pigeons have been provided for the occasion. The Sporting Club of Lafayette have extended an invitation to their "brother sportsmen of the trigger" to come and enjoy their hospitalities.

THE Russian mission now in Pekin, has, in a recent report, made known the result of the last census taken by order of the Emperor of China. The present population is said by that document to amount to 415,000,000; that of Pekin being 1,648,814.

THE medical attendant of the Princess of Gothland asserts that crinoline is the reason that accouchements have lately become so dangerous and difficult. He adds that this fashion is the source of a vast number of chills, the consequences of which are always most mortal. If this gentleman is to be credited, crinoline has as many deaths to answer for in Sweden as cholera.

THE guano trade has temporarily fallen off. The number of vessels that have taken cargoes from the Chincha Islands, this year, is not more than half as large as last year.

ETHIOPIAN CHURCH DISCIPLINE.—The dignitaries of the colored church at Elkton, Md., have resolved to turn out of their congregation "all ladies guilty of the immoral practice of wearing hoops."

"A LONG PULL, A STRONG PULL, AND A PULL ALTOGETHER."—The American Dental Convention, composed of dentists from all parts of the Union, is holding its fourth annual session in Cincinnati.

DISTRESSING BEREAVEMENT.—The Bucks County (Pa.) Intelligencer says that Mr. William Whitman, of Tinicum township, has lost four out of seven children, within a few weeks, by scarlet fever, and that the remaining three were sick with it, last Friday, with scarcely a hope of saving any of them.

STORM AND LOSS OF LIFE.—The recent storm in Iowa created a destructive freshet in the Cedar River, flooding bottom-lands and towns. Two young ladies were drowned at Waterloo, and a young man was drowned in a public highway, the water being ten feet over it?

THE PRESBYTERIAN ASSEMBLY ON DIVORCE.—The General Assembly of Presbyterians recently in session in Chicago, Illinois, decided by a vote of 160 to 52, "that divorces cannot be granted, unless adultery can be clearly shown: and that any one marrying a person divorced for any other cause, is himself guilty of adultery in a moral view of the case."

COTTON IN AFRICA.—A letter received by the Cotton Supply from Mr. R. B. Ross, Cape Coast Castle, which appears in the London Times, states that cotton, which is indigenous to Africa, and grows abundantly in Ashantee, might be obtained equal to that of Georgia, both in quantity and quality. Mr. Ross thinks the Africans would readily profit by instruction, and that Africa would, before long, compete well with the slave states of America, if capitalists would establish an organization in the central districts to purchase and prepare for export all the cotton which the natives should be led to grow.

SINGULAR CAUSE OF DEATH.—On Sunday, 25th ult., a farmer riding in a wagon with his wife, over Pompton Plains, Morris County, N. J., struck the horse with the whip, when the animal sprang so suddenly, that the wife was thrown over backwards out of the wagon, injuring her spine so badly that she died the next morning.

BE CAREFUL OF YOUR DAGUERREOTYPE LIKENESS.—Among the effects of a frail young lady, who committed suicide in Indianapolis the other day, were ten daguerreotype likenesses of well-known single and married men of that city. They are advertised to be sold, with the rest of her effects, at public auction. An injured wife proposes, through the columns of the newspapers, that the likenesses be bought, "framed and suspended at the post-office, as a warning to all indiscreet men, especially married ones!" She says, "the silent griefs and wrongs of many married women" of that city, "is a tale untold!"

ON examining the waters of the artesian well of Grenelle, France, with reference to the gases present, M. Peligot has ascertained that they contain not the least trace of air. Subterranean waters ought therefore to be aerated before being used as an aliment, and accordingly they are about to construct at Grenelle a species of tower, from the top of which the water will descend in innumerable threads, so as to present as much surface as possible to the air.

TRAVEL OVER SNOW BY STEAM.—Letters from St. Petersburg state that a Polish exile in Siberia, has invented a means of applying steam power to the traction of the sledges, by which journeys may be made on the frozen rivers and steppes covered with frozen snow, which abound in the Russian dominions.

PAUPERS SENT BACK.—The ship Oliver Putnam, which sailed from Boston, Mass., last Saturday, for Liverpool, took out 125 passengers, about 75 of whom were paupers, collected from the State Almshouses, and returned to the "Old Country," from whence they came.

NEW YORK, Aug. 4.—The exciting cricket match between Canada and the United States was finished this afternoon. The Canadians were handsomely beaten. Their first innings were 81, and second innings 121. The United States' first innings were 147, and the second 56, with 4 wickets to go down.

FROM appearances, Mr. Samuel L. Cooper, of Salem, N. J., will be adjudged an heir to the Jennings estate, and will receive $1,000,000. The services of Sir Fitzroy Kelly, "the most eminent man at the British Bar," have been secured for the New Jersey claimants, and his opinion is that "the case is theirs."

INDEPENDENT TRAVELLERS.—The Brussels Independence says that three Englishmen, having crossed from England to Holland in a small boat, arrived at Amsterdam on the 29th of June. On landing, they hoisted the boat upon their shoulders and carried it with them to their hotel, and, the following morning, took it back to the Rhine, in the same manner, and started for Germany.

GRAIN FROM LAKE MICHIGAN.—The Chicago (Illinois) Daily Press and Tribune, states the imports at that place of Flour (reduced) and Grain since the first of January, amount to thirteen millions bushels, against eight millions bushels up to the same time last year, an increase of five millions bushels, making the total shipments from Lake Michigan, in round numbers, since January 1st, over seventeen million bushels of grain!

CURIOUS PHENOMENON.—A few days ago, on the farm of Hon. John G. Davis, near Montezuma, Ind., two large springs burst forth from the earth, and continued to throw off such volumes of water that large fields in the neighborhood have been covered with standing pools and ponds.

WANT OF LOYALTY.—The Hamilton (C. W.) Times, complains that the American flag was hoisted in the village of Elmira (C. W.) on the 4th of July, while on the birth-day of Queen Victoria not one British flag was to be seen in the place.

ROYAL CONDESCENSION.—Queen Victoria will visit Leeds, England, this month, and will stay at the residence of the Mayor of the city, who is a manufacturer of woolen cloth. This is said to be the first time that a sovereign has accepted the hospitality of any subject, not of noble blood.

M. DE PENE, the Paris editor, has nearly recovered from the severe wounds inflicted upon him by his antagonists. They will probably be little pleased to learn that his contributions to the Figaro are about to be published in a separate volume, which will thus perpetuate the insult upon the French army.

A NEW WORK, by Dickens, is in preparation. The subject has been a favorite one with him for twenty years, but he has only lately commenced to work out his original idea. The work is to be an onslaught upon "respectability"—in other words, upon the conventionalities of society.

A LAWYER'S STRIKE.—The lawyers of Paris, Ky., have entered into a written agreement, resolving to increase their fees and to charge uniform rates. This act produced intense excitement among their clients, and a general compromise of all the suits on the docket is talked of.

IMPORTANT DECISION.—The Supreme Court of New York, has decided that a creditor has no right to take a transfer of a life insurance policy, and by paying the premium thereon, to uphold the same for himself. This is a very important decision, and defeats what has been heretofore regarded as one of the most important aims of life insurance.

THE Governor-General of Canada gets $31,000 per annum—$6,000 more than the President of the United States.

SOME days since, an infant of M. C. Green, in Culpepper county, Va., died, and on the next day, Jennie, her colored nurse, 14 years old, expired. The very existence of this nurse, says the Blue Ridge Republican, seemed bound up in the child. She never left her from the time she was taken sick, until the moment of her death, and in twenty-four hours after, they lay under the same roof, child and nurse, silent sleepers in their coffin beds. From the moment the child breathed its last, she seemed to lose all interest in things around her, even her identity itself, and remained in a kind of trance up to the hour of her death. When asked if she was willing to die, she said—"Yes, I have seen that child in the Saviour's arms, and I want to go too."

GEN. CASS has privately replied to Governor Stevens's recently published letter to him against the Hudson Bay Company's alleged illegal river and mining tax, assuring him that he will give the subject his prompt and earnest attention.

THE platform adopted by the recent Democratic Convention in Ohio, accepts the English Conference Bill as a settlement of the Kansas question, regards all controversy about that territory as at an end, ignores the Lecompton and anti-Lecompton difficulties, refuses to recognize any Kansas test, and endorses President Buchanan's administration.

EARLY COTTON.—Two bales of new cotton, from Texas, were received at New Orleans, La., on the 26th ult. The first three bales, last year, from the same source, were received on the 19th of August. The first bale, heard of last year, was received in Richmond, Texas, on the 7th of August.

A SINGULAR death occurred in Cambridgeport, Mass., recently. A young child of Mr. Elias Howe, the well known music publisher, was laid on its bed by its mother for a short nap, and not long after, Mrs. Howe, thinking the little one had sufficiently rested, went to the bed to take it up, and found, to her great grief, that it had ceased to breathe. All efforts to restore it were of no avail, and a *post mortem* examination on Monday, could give no light on the matter. The physicians said the child was in perfect health, and thought it a singular case.

ATTENTION, LADIES!—Miss NANCY GODFREY was killed by lightning at Reading, a week or two since, in consequence, as it is supposed, of the metallic substances forming a part of her dress and toilet attracting the subtle fluid. The electric current probably passed through the gold plate of her set of teeth, thus killing her at once, and then escaped by her hoops, passing on through her garter and foot. The artificial teeth were discovered at some distance, and her metallic hoops were found to be melted. Women, now-a-days, are most fearfully and wonderfully made.

WATCHED CLOSELY.—A Bostonian, travelling in Europe, was not allowed to visit Naples, because, it is stated, his name was among the subscribers to the cannon presented by citizens of Boston to Sardinia last year. King Bomba keeps close watch, it must be confessed.

A FRIEND recently told her "help," newly arrived, to boil the clothes, preparatory to washing. Several hours after, she found that the tea-kettle had been filled, and was doing good service, but slowly, on account of its limited capacity.

FROM statistics carefully collected in England, it appears that in that country three hundred and fifty-seven intemperate persons die for every one hundred and ten of temperate habits. At twenty years of age, an intemperate man may expect to live fifteen and a half years longer, while a temperate man of the same age may expect to live forty-four years longer. At thirty, an intemperate man will probably live fourteen years longer, a temperate man thirty years longer. At forty, an intemperate man will ordinarily live twelve years longer, while a temperate man will live twenty-nine years longer.

A WRITER on lightning-rods urges the necessity of closing the windows of a house after the outside has become wet with a shower. The outside is then a good conductor, and the dry air of the interior a non-conductor, and the chances are small that the electricity will enter the house.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

ROTHSCHILD IN PARLIAMENT—THE ALLIES IN CHINA, &c.

By the Prince Albert, from Galway, we have Liverpool dates to July 27th.

Ex-President Pierce and lady, arrived at Gibraltar from Cadiz, on the 14th of July, and sailed again on the 17th in a French steamer for Marseilles.

In the House of Lords, Lord Lyndhurst called attention to the right of search question, and asked for the correspondence relative to the negotiation on the subject with the United States.

Lord Malmesbury said that an arrangement calculated to put a stop to the traffic in slaves under the cover of the American flag, and at the same time to avert all causes of misunderstanding between the two nations, was in course of preparation and would, he believed, accomplish the desired object.

Baron Rothschild took his seat in the House of Commons, amidst loud cheers.

Advices from China are to the 1st of June, and contain full accounts of the capture of the forts in the Peiho.

Negotiations having failed, the Chinese were attacked on the 19th of May by the English and French, and the forts captured, with much loss.

The Chinese fought well. Ninety-eight guns were captured. The loss of the enemy is supposed to be very heavy.

The Indian dates from Calcutta are to June 19th. Oude was still very unsettled. The heat was terrific, and the British troops had suffered greatly. The sun had been more deadly than the enemy. The troops are being housed until the fierce heat is over. The season is the hottest known for 25 years.

A serious gale had been experienced in England, doing considerable damage. The shipping on the coast, near Liverpool, had suffered much from it, but no American vessels had been reported as injured.

Mr. Barker, lately acting British Consul at Naples, where he took a prominent part in the Cagliari affair, has been appointed Consul at Richmond, Va., in place of Mr. G. P. R. James, who takes the Consulate at Venice.

It had been officially announced that Queen Victoria and Prince Albert would pay a private visit to their daughter, the Princess Frederick William, at Potsdam, in August.

The customary Ministerial white bait dinner, at Greenwich, in honor of the approaching prorogation of Parliament, took place on the 24th. All the Ministers were present.

The returns of the British Board of Trade for June show a continued falling off in exports, though not to the extent of previous months the diminution being £389,000 from June 1857.

FRANCE.—Count Cavour, the Sardinian Minister had been on a visit to the Emperor Napoleon, at Plombieres, and a conference between them on the affairs of Italy is said to have taken place.

SWITZERLAND.—A Berne despatch says that a Committee of the Council of State had unanimously recommended the rejection of the application of the Genoese Government against the expulsion or sending into the interior of political refugees.

ITALY.—The trial at Salerno, of Baron Nicotera and others charged with a revolutionary attempt, last year, had resulted in seven prisoners being condemned to death, several others to twenty years in irons, some to less severe penalties, and many were set at liberty. Orders had been issued to suspend sentence of death and it was thought the sentence would not be carried into effect.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET, July 27, noon.—The market closed quiet, but steady, yesterday. Messrs. Richardson, Spence & Co., say that the prices of all qualities are easier, though quotations are unchanged, while other authorities call the prices slightly lower. The estimated sales to-day are 6000 bales, the market closing dull, and buyers demanding a reduction.

BREADSTUFFS, July 27.—Messrs. Richardson, Spence & Co., quote flour dull, and prices nominally unchanged. Wheat dull, but steady at the last quoted rates. Corn has declined slightly, white Northern, 22s 6d.

PROVISION MARKET, July 27.—The provision market is generally unchanged and steady. Lard is firm, at 57s for refined.

Sugar is very firm and prices 6d higher. Coffee quiet and the rates unaltered. Ashes are quiet, at 33s for both Pots and Pearls. Spirits of Turpentine heavy at 40s. Rosin is steady, at 4s@4s 1d, for common.

LONDON, July 27.—Breadstuffs are dull, but generally steady. Sugar is firm, and prices slightly higher. Coffee dull. Rice steady. Tea firm, but without any notice. Spirits of Turpentine dull at 38s@39s.

LONDON MONEY MARKET.—London, July 27.—Noon.—Consols are at 93¼@93¾ for both money and account. Money continues easier. Stocks are better.

ONE DAY LATER.

The Arago brings one day's later news—but it is unimportant. The Duke of Malakoff (French Minister in London.) had been invited to go to Cherbourg in the Royal Albert, British flag ship.

Markets remain the same—Cotton and Breadstuffs a shade lower, if anything. On the other hand, the advices from Manchester are favorable. All qualities of goods, yarns, &c., had considerably advanced.

CAMP MEETING PREVENTED BY HOOP SKIRTS.—The Rockingham (Va.) Register says that a projected camp meeting in that county was indefinitely postponed in consequence of the immense expansion of hoops. A considerable enlargement of the "camp" would be necessary to accommodate the ladies, and, considering the expense and the shortness of the time to make necessary arrangements, it was concluded to indefinitely postpone the meeting. See, ladies, what you have done by your expansive system.

An editor in Iowa has been fined two hundred dollars for hugging a young girl in church. —*Daily Argus.* Cheap enough! We once hugged a girl in church, some ten years ago, and the scrape has cost us a thousand a year ever since.—*Chicago American.*

SWEETEST things turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

—*Shakspeare.*

☞ Old friends are the great blessings of one's latter years. Half a word conveys one's meaning. They have memory of the same events, and have the same mode of thinking. * * * * * * * * I have young relations that may grow upon me, for my nature is affectionate, but can they grow *old* friends? My age forbids that. Still less can they grow companions. Is it friendship to explain half one says? One must relate the history of one's memory and ideas; and what is that to the young but old stories!—*Horace Walpole.*

☞ "I have turned many a woman's head," boasted a young nobleman of France. "Yes," replied Talleyrand,—"*away* from you."

☞ REFORM YOUR TAILOR'S BILLS.—Humboldt tells us that he met, one day, in his travels, with a naked Indian, who had painted his body so as to represent a blue jacket and trowsers with black buttons.

☞ A farmer returning home in his wagon, after delivering a load of corn, is a more certain sign of a national prosperity, than a nobleman riding in his chariot to the opera.

A SWEDISH JOURNALIST SENTENCED TO DEATH AND PARDONED ON THE SCAFFOLD.—Mr. Lindahl, the editor of the *Fosderlandet*, a Swedish journal, was recently sentenced to death for having published an outrageous libel—accusing her of a "horrible crime, the nature of which is not stated—on the character of Henriette Mendelssohn, a prominent Stockholm belle. A Stockholm correspondent states, in relation to the young lady:

"Every one knows young Henriette. She is eighteen years old, fair hair, of elegant person, and has eyes of deep blue and of a poetical expression. She excells as a writer in prose as well as of verses, and nothing can exceed the grace and the beauty of her appearance. Before the slander to which we refer poisoned her existence, she was noted for her animation and cheerfulness, and was passionately fond of amusement and especially dancing. Her dancing was admirable, her manner bewitching, and the Swedish dialect that she spoke gave an additional charm to her conversation. In one word, she was a flower of the land, and when the news of the slander upon her spread about, she became the object of universal sympathy, the whole odium of it falling upon the detractor."

When the day of his execution arrived (July 2, 1858,) this gentleman seemed composed, and said: "I am going to suffer the penalty of death, which I deserve: however, it shall soon be made evident that, at all events, I was not a coward."

He then gave some of the papers which were upon his table to the jailor, giving him some private instructions about them; and having taken a letter sealed with black from the Bible, and concealed it in his breast, he proceeded with unfaltering steps to the scaffold, which was prepared for him. Twelve witnesses, required by the Swedish law to be present on such occasions, had already arrived. Lindahl's hands were tied and his eyes bandaged as he arrived at the foot of the scaffold. He, however, maintained his self-possession, addressing those around him as follows:

"Farewell, gentlemen. Take care to report my death and my repentance to those who were familiar with my life."

Ascending the fatal platform, he had already put his feet on the second flight of steps, when he felt a pressure, and in a moment his eyes and hands were set free. Henriette Mendelssohn stood before him. "Mr. Lindahl," she said to him, "I pardon you." Mr. Lindahl, at once falling upon his knees before her, and taking the letter which he had concealed in his breast, said:

"Madame, I accept your pardon. My last thought was to implore it of your magnanimity, and I felt sure that you would not refuse it, at least at my grave."

This romantic affair has created the greatest sensation all over Sweden.

SHOCKING SKEDADDLISM.—A lady at Dubuque boarding at the Tremont House, was the happy owner of a dress of unusual magnificence and value. It had been her wedding robe, and had cost over $600. The lace of which it was partly composed and decorated was of the finest point, of the most delicate finish, and of the highest price, while the fabric of the dress itself was matchless for its elegance. Although a number of months had elapsed since her wedding, the lady had never worn this beautiful dress but once, but had kept it carefully laid away in one of her trunks. On the 4th of July a servant girl belonging to the hotel, went clandestinely to this lady's room, and in her absence opened her trunks, and selected this $600 dress as the one which pleased her fancy the most. Taking it to her own room she arrayed herself therein, and proceeded to the National Garden where she spent the entire day.

She returned at night, slipped up to the lady's room again, replaced the dress in the trunk, and skulked away again.

No discovery was made of this fact until a day or two since, when the lady opened the trunk containing the dress, having made up her mind to wear it to a wedding-party that evening. What was her horror, on taking out her beautiful dress, to find the skirt of it all bedraggled with mud; the front stained with the drippings of lager beer; the breast bearing the impress of the hands of the amorous swains with whom the girl had whirled through the mazes of the waltz; and the lace torn and soiled beyond redemption!

An examination set on foot soon brought out the facts in the case, and the ambitious maid will be brought up this afternoon to receive her punishment.—*Dubuque Times.*

DESTROYING EIGHTY-ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS TO SPITE HIS SON.—A correspondent of the London Times relates the following story—if story it is—locating the parties in Vienna. Strange things happen frequently in the "old country:"

A few days ago a Baron Silberstein died here, and after his death no money was found in his house, though he had always passed for a wealthy man. Inquiries were made by his heir, and on its being discovered that a banker had paid into his hands the sum of 170,000 florins but a few days before his death, his valet was arrested by a policeman on suspicion of having made way with the money. As the man said that his master left his bed a couple of days before he died, in order to burn some papers in the stove, the bed-room was searched. Nothing but the remains of documents were found, and the servant was kept in custody until it occurred to some one that it might be as well to examine the other stoves. The examination was made, and the numerous remains of bank-notes of 1,000 florins each, proved the innocence of the valet and destructiveness of his master. The Baron, who was divorced from his wife, often expressed doubts as to the legitimacy of his only son; and in order that he should profit as little as possible by his death, he burned bank notes to the value of 170,000 florins (£16,200). When the door of the stove was opened, the word "thousand" was distinctly visible on many of the consumed notes, which, of course, fell to pieces when touched.

A RICH CALIFORNIA WOMAN.—Mrs. Eliza Todd, who owns a ranch a mile below Weaverville, is a remarkable woman. In 1852 she walked from Shasta to Weaverville, and, without money, began the business of washing for six dollars a dozen. An acquaintance who lived near her domicil, says that for a long time she was bending over the wash-tub at daylight in the morning, at noon, and at ten o'clock at night. Business prospered, and after a while she bought two claims which turned out well. Then she bought chickens which laid eggs, and which she sold at half a dollar a piece; then she bought a pig for $125, and sold its progeny for an ounce or $25, then bought cows and sold milk. Business still increased, and she began buying real estate, lending money at ten per cent. a month, and speculating in claims; always was fortunate; every touch turned something to gold. Now she is one of the largest property holders in the north.

A CURIOSITY IN PHOTOGRAPHY.—A photographer sends to the Editor of the Times a "photostero" of an exploding shell, taken during some experiments at Woolwich. He particulary calls attention to "*the likeness of the human head which so distinctly dominates in the smoke;*" and adds, "This phantom does not appear to be the result of chance, for on repeating the experiment it is invariably reproduced at a certain phase of the smoke's expansion."

LA PRESSE announces that the crew of a French ship, Marie Caroline, have been murdered, and the ship burnt, on the coast of Madagascar. It appears she came to the island to take free laborers for the French colonies, which one of the Madagascar chiefs promised to supply. When the captain came on shore to receive them, he was treacherously murdered.

[From the London Press, July 3.]

MORPHY AND THE AMERICAN CHESS PLAYER.

We would say that Mr. Morphy's invention seems marvellous. He is eminently an attacking player, and his schemes for harassing his adversary are as various as they are brilliant. You might play with him for a year without being able to affirm, as Cicero did to Hortensius, "Novi omnes tondinis petitiones." Those players will understand us when we say that his assaults remind us of the fiery onslaught of Mr. Cochrane, but will bear scrutiny better. And here we may remark (though conscious that we are trespassing on other divisions of our subject) that Mr. Morphy's style of play is singularly fearless—more so, we must confess, than any which we have yet seen opposed to it. He is ready, for instance, to give or accept any of the most critical "gambits," instead of confining himself to the safer openings at present in fashion. This adds greatly to the spectators pleasure. We remember how much disappointment was caused at the time of Mr. Staunton's conflict with M. St. Amant by the pertinacious refusal of the latter to answer "K.P.2" with "K.P.2." The American champion dislikes the anomaly of a "close opening." And well he may: for, secondly, his great power of analysis tells most in involved and complicated positions. Aided by a wonderful knowledge of chess-books and of the recorded games of the best players, he aims (and generally with success) at looking farther forward than his antagonist's *coup d'œil* can reach, confident that none of the thousand intermediate variations has been overlooked. Play a down back games with him, and you will fail to show him a contingency which he had not contemplated. Mr. Morphy's temperament, thirdly, is much in his favor. Look at him as he plays. You are at first struck principally by the roomy forehead, clear eye, and fine, well placed ear: but when you have observed him long or frequently, you discover that he is never flurried, never *nervous*—that a defeat does not discourage nor a victory elate him. Young as he is, he is always calm and self-possessed, whether in the quiet circle of the St. George's Club or in the noisier gallery of the Chess Divan, and is consequently, as sure as any player we ever saw to do his own powers justice under the mental tension of a long match and the trials of temper which frequently attend it. We must here record the pleasure with which we have witnessed both the kind, friendly reception given by the English players to their formidable competitor, and also the unassuming courtesy which invariably marks Mr. Morphy's demeanor. Fourthly: A few words under the head of memory, and we have done. Mr. Morphy seems to forget nothing, from the game which he himself played yesterday to that which he read in The Chess Chronicle a year ago. He has more than once puzzled English players with "dodges" of their own invention, which they had actually forgotten. But perhaps his most wonderful performances have been those in which memory and imagination seem to work together—we mean games played blindfold, or without sight of a board. Philidor played three such games at once successfully against skillful antagonists. Horrwitz has more recently done the same. Mr. Morphy has played seven simultaneously, losing only one, and winning the other six! This is indeed astonishing; but we trust that our ingenious visitor will be content with having once done the feat. As Dr. Johnson said of a young lady's masterpiece of fingering on the piano, "It is very difficult; we wish it were impossible." Sure we are that not even Mr. Morphy's brains can repeatedly endure such a strain without injury. A less degree of the same effort killed Labourdonnais, and had nearly destroyed Horrwitz. And even could it be made with impunity, the spectacle is rather curious than pleasing. We feel sure that we shall be pardoned for these remarks; they arise from a sincere wish that Mr. Morphy may long live to practice freely and without arbitrary fetters the art of which he is so distinguished a professor.

Was Gen. Lee a Traitor?—We gave an item from our exchanges some little time since, in effect that recent discoveries had been made, clearly proving the perfidy of Gen. Lee, the accomplished Aid-de-Camp of Gen. Washington. The statement was published by us with some hesitation, for we hoped it would prove to be an error. Recently, however, from an interview with a gentleman employed by Peter Cooper to collect documents and revolutionary relics for his Institute, we learned that the report of Lee's treachery was not only true, but that documents had been found and were now in Mr. Cooper's possession which proved beyond a doubt that he had the price fixed and agreed upon for betraying Washington and the army, and selling his country to the British. These documents, he says, are full and explicit, and leave no room to doubt the extent or detestable character of his treasonable purpose.

History has been charitable to Gen. Lee. It has generally repudiated the suspicions of his perfidy, and brushed aside the evidence hitherto adduced as of little weight or concern. If, therefore, such papers in evidence of his treason, as are represented, really have been found, with their authenticity and genuiness substantiated, a new chapter forces itself into the history of our country—a chapter of infamy and disgrace—a companion to the black record of Arnold's treason. It is due to the country that a fact so important be known. It is due to the memory of Lee, that this reproach be removed, if it is not just, and equally due to his memory that the damned spot be fixed eternally upon him, if the contents of those recently discovered documents have been fairly set forth.—*Utica Herald.*

A Double Bed Inspected Upon.—A letter from Hamburg, published in the Utica Observer, relates the following anecdote: "From Paris we went to Aix-la-Chapelle, then to Cologne and Bonn. From Bonn, a half hour's ride by railroad enabled us to visit Bruhl, a Prussian palace, the grounds about which are very handsome, although the palace itself is, when compared with the English and French, rather plain. The attendant who showed us the palace pointed out to us a large double bed, wide enough for three or four, which had been made for Victoria and Prince Albert, on the occasion of the Queen's visit, some ten years ago, to Prussia. The Prussian style is single beds, two in the same room; but Victoria would not submit to be unconsorted, and demanded her accustomed accommodations. Another double bed is now shown at Bruhl, which the Prince of Prussia, who has just married Victoria's daughter, ordered for their accommodation at Cologne—which is an hour or two by railroad from Bruhl—but which proved to be too short for his princely accommodation, so that an express train had to be despatched to Bruhl to bring them the Victoria couch.

From Utah.—The latest advices say:—

Order and quiet had been restored throughout Utah, and the Mormons had expressed themselves highly pleased with the territorial officers.

Upon Gen. Johnston's entrance into Salt Lake City, the few remaining Mormons fled.

Messrs. Powell and McCulloch, the Peace Commissioners, having completed the duty assigned them, have started for home.

Gen. Johnston had issued a proclamation prohibiting soldiers and citizens from disturbing the Mormons or their cattle, nor were any of the troops to enter the city under any pretext.

A Chasm or Dwellers.—Captain Travis, "the great pistol-shot," has been instructing a class of forty-five young ladies at Lexington, Kentucky, in the use of the pistol. Among them, he says, the most timid became the best shots. With practice they acquired courage, and ten times out of twenty they would hit the "bull's eye."

Thackeray and Yates.—Mr. W. M. Thackeray and Mr. Edmund Yates are or were both members of the Garrick Club in London. Mr. Yates, having thus learned to know Mr. Thackeray, wrote in *The Town Talk*, a weekly paper of London, an article on that gentleman, which contained the following description of him:

"Mr. Thackeray is 45 years old, though from the silvery whiteness of his hair he appears somewhat older. He is very tall, standing upward of six feet two inches, and as he walks erect his height makes him conspicuous in every assembly. His face is bloodless, and not particularly expressive, but remarkable for the fracture of the bridge of the nose, the result of an accident in youth. He wears a small gray whisker, but otherwise is clean shaven. No one meeting him could fail to recognize in him a gentleman; his bearing is cold and uninviting, his style of conversation either openly cynical, or affectedly good-natured and benevolent; his *bonhomie* is forced, his wit biting, his pride easily touched—but his appearance is invariably that of the cool, *sure*, well-bred gentleman, who, whatever may be rankling within, suffers no surface display of his emotion."

Mr. Thackeray, learning who was the author of this piece of portraiture, wrote Mr. Yates a sharp letter, demanding an apology. Mr. Yates said he was sorry, but couldn't apologize under such a letter. Mr. Thackeray appealed to the Governing Committee of the Club, among whom Mr. Dickens condemned the course of Mr. Thackeray; finally, however, after an animated discussion, the Committee voted to request Mr. Yates to resign. Whether he has done this we are not informed.

Anecdote of Tom Thumb.—Galignani, noticing the fact that Mr. Barnum had passed through Paris, on his way to Baden, where he proposed to exhibit General Tom Thumb, tells his story of the little "General:" The General has now attained his twenty-first year, and though "in mind a man," is "in bulk less than a baby still." It is told of him that in a recent angry discussion with his mother, in whose favor he had previously made his will, the dame menaced his little person with a flogging unless he complied with her wishes. But Tom, notwithstanding, continued to hold out, until, finding himself suspended in mid-air in one hand, and the birch ready to be applied in the other, he roared out at the top of his infantine voice, "Mind what you are about, mother; if you hit me I'll change my will, you may depend on it," and the birch, as by enchantment, fell harmless from the uplifted hand.

☞ The chameleon, who is said to feed upon nothing but air, has, of all animals, the nimblest tongue.—*Swift.*

THE STOCK MARKET.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Withers & Peterson, Bankers, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1856		
" " '62		—
" " '67		—
" " '58		—
" 5 " '65		—
Phila 6 pr ct	97¼	97½
" " new	101½	102
" 5 "	—	94
Pittsburg 6 pr ct	—	—
" 6 coupon	—	—
Allegh City 6 pr ct	—	—
" County "	—	—
" R R issue	50	56
" County 6 pr ct		
Penna R R issue	91	—
" 6 pr ct	94	—
" 5 " coupon	89	90
" 5 "	89	90
Penn 6 pr ct	92	92½
" 5 " coupon	—	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct	102	103
Missouri 6 "	—	75
Ohio 6 " 1858	—	97
N Carolina 6 pr ct	—	—
Virginia "	—	—
Indiana State 5 pr ct	—	—
Cal. State 7 pr ct new bonds	86½	—
N York City 6 pr ct	—	—
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	130	132
Philadelphia	107	110
Far & Mec	57	58
Commercial	46	60
N Liberty	56	60
Mechanics	264	265
Southwark	65	70
P Township	34½	35
Kensington	60	80
Girard	111	112
Western	68½	69
Man & Mech	25½	25½
Commerce	62	65
Tradesmen's	60	—
City	42½	42
Consolidation	33½	33½
Commonwealth	28	29½
Com Exchange	20	—
Germantown	50½	60
Pittsburg, Pittsb'g	56	56
Exchange	23	—
Kentucky Ky.	110	—
Northern "	115	116
Louisville "	100	100
Farmers "	100	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	101	102
Planters "	102	—
N O Gas Light	100	—
Com & R R Bank Vicksburg	7	10
Washington Gas Light Co	21	22½
Lehigh Zinc	1	1½
New Creek	6	8
New Germantown	6	8
N America Ins'nce	120	—
N Libertas Gas	22	—
City Passenger RR	50	51

	Bid.	Asked.
RAILROAD STOCKS & LOANS.		
Pennsylvania R R		
1st mort bonds	98	100
2nd "	87½	88
" stock	42	42½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds	92	92½
" stock	—	—
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds '70	76	77
" short 6's '44	87½	91
" " '56	84½	87
" stock	23½	25
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	92½	92½
Phila, Wil & Balt stock	31	—
6 pr ct loan '50	96	—
Chas Val R R 6's	22	25
Tioga R R 6's	90	—
Williams & Elmira		
Wilmington	68½	69
" stock	6½	7
Har and Lan R R stock	36	36½
" bonds '82	—	—
L. Schuylkill R R stock	27½	—
Long Island R R stock	63	63½
" bonds	71	75
Erie R R stock	17½	—
Hudson River R R	23½	—
N Y Central	90½	—
Michigan Central	69	—
Illinois "	75	—
Michigan Southern	34½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Schyl Nav 6 pr ct loan '82	62	62½
" imp. 6 pr ct	64	—
" stock	—	9½
" preferred	16½	17
Lehigh Nav stock	49	50
" mort 6 pr ct	97	97½
" loan	97	97½
Morris Consol'd	44	45
" preferred	97	100
Canal & Del	44	45
" bonds	—	98
Union "	5	5
" bonds	—	—
Sus & Tidewater	—	7
" bonds 1878	47	—

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

Corrected Weekly.

JONES' SALOONS, 722 and 724 Arch Street.

MEATS.

Beef		Mutton.	
Roasting rib, ₩ lb	12 a14	Leg, Loin, Chop, ₩ lbs	a16
Sir loin steak	14 a16	Breast and Neck	4 a 5
Rump "	12 a14	Young Lamb, whole	$3 a$5
Chuck pieces	8 a11	Whole carcass	5 a 9
Plates and navels corned	8 a10	Veal.	
Tongues, fresh	45 a75	Fore quarter, ₩ lb	6
Liver, each	8 a12½	Hind "	10
Udder, ₩ lb	20 a25	Chop	12½
Kidney, "	8 a12	Cutlet	12½
Lever, ₩ lb	5 a 9	Sweetbread, each	10
Dried Beef, ₩ lb	14 a16	Pork	
Lamb.		Young Pigs	1.75
Fore quarter	75 a$1	Salt and fresh, lb	10 a12
Hind "	1.00a1.25	Feet, ₩ set	18a25
Chop, ₩ lb	10 a12	Tripe, ₩ lb	4 a 6
Calves head, each	25 a37	Lard "	10 a13
		Hams, sliced	16 a18
		Bologna sausages	10 a20

VEGETABLES.

Lettuce, ₩ head	2 a 5	Carrots, dozen	10
Onions, ₩ rope	25	Do do, ₩ lb	6 a 8
Sweet potatoes, ₩ basket	1.25	Com pot's, ₩ box	1.00a1.37½
New pot's N J, ₩ bus	$1	Onions, bus	50
Cabbages, ₩ head	3 a10	Peas, ₩ basket	$1.00a1.50

FRUIT.

Apples, ₩ bbl	2.00a2.50	Cantaloupes	3 a12
Do ₩ peck	25 a31	Black Currants ₩ qt	12c
Currants ₩ quart	15	Huckleberries ₩ qt	12
Peaches ₩ basket	$2a3	Blackberries	12a14
Watermelons	37½a75	Apricots ₩ doz	25

POULTRY AND GAME.

Spring Chickens, ₩ pair	50 a62	Chickens, ₩ lb	10 a12
Chickens, ₩ pair	75 a1.25	Sch Pig 60, pair	25 a37

SHELLFISH.

Oysters (Absecom) ₩ bbl	3.50 a4.75	N Y do, ₩ bbl.	10.00 13.00
Do. ₩ M	16.00a20.00	Terrapins (live & Do)	6.00 a8.00
Morris River Cove, ₩ M	10.00 a12.00	Lobsters, lb	20
		Clams, M	2.00a2.50

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter, lb	21 a25	Salt do, lb	1½
Lard "	11 a12	Mackerel	10
Eggs, doz	10 a12	Sm'k'd Herring, bunch	6
Codfish	5 a 6	Honey, lb	20 a25
Dry Cod	4 a 6	Sweetmeats, cake	2
Halibut, lb	12½	Salmon, lb	25 a30
Blue Fish, lb	12	Sheep head	15

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

August 9.—The supply of Beef Cattle has been quite large for the past week. Prices ranged from $8 to 9. Sheep were sold at from $2 to 4 ₩ head. Cows were sold at former prices.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Aug. 7.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour firm, with sales of 11,500 bbls. Wheat buoyant. 25,000 bus sold: Western white 118@120 Chicago Spring Wheat 88@96; Milwaukie Club 90@10[illegible]c.

COTTON—We quote as follows:]

New York Classification.

	Uplands.	Florida.	Mobile.	N. O. & Tex.
Ordinary	10¾	10¾	10¾	10¾
Middling	12¼	12¼	12¼	12¼
Md ling fair	13¼	13¼	13¼	13½

A Remarkable Decision.—The English lords of the bench decided at Westminster, about a month ago, that it was a principle of common law that a counsellor, in questioning a witness, should address him in ordinary tones and in language of respect, such as is employed by one gentleman in conversation with another; that such lawyer has no right to question the private business or moral character of a witness, any further than it is apparent they absolutely affect his reliability or touch the case in hands and that a witness is not bound to answer questions put to him in an insulting or half doggish manner. If forced to answer by the court, he will have his remedy in action for damages.

PALPITATION OF THE HEART.

There are many persons afflicted with the above disease and should give following their attention:

"This is to certify, that I have been troubled with the palpitation of the heart for several years, and at times so severe that I could not lay down and sleep at night, and after applying several remedies and found no relief, I procured of the agent, P. A. Huffman, one bottle of Hoofland's German Bitters, prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, of Philadelphia, and I found so much relief from one, I continued to use it, and now I am perfectly relieved of the disease, and I do recommend it to all who may be afflicted with the same disease, as I am satisfied it is a valuable medicine."

Given under my hand, this the 14th day of October, 1856 VALENTINE BAUMSTARK.

Waco, Elliston Co., Ky.

These Bitters are sold by druggists and storekeepers in every town and village in the United States, Canadas, West Indies and South America, at 75 cents per bottle.

WOOD'S HAIR RESTORATIVE.—The fame of this preparation rests upon its real merit. Thousands all over the country are using it, and does all it claims through the various publications that it can do. Hair will grow on a bald scalp by its use: hair will be preserved and beautified by its use: hair will turn from gray to its original color by its use. We do not claim that a *red headed* gentleman or lady can be turned into individuals with raven locks or auburn ringlets, but gray hair will be restored to the original color. Besides, wherever you live, in any place where you reside, Wood's Hair Restorative is sold. Inquire for it at all the Druggists, and wherever such articles are usually obtained, and you will find it as we state.

CAUTION.—Beware of worthless imitations, as several are already in the market, called by different names. Use none unless the words (Prof. Wood's Hair Restorative, Depot St. Louis, Mo., and New York), are blown in the bottle. Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine dealers, also by all Fancy and Toilet Goods dealers in the United States and Canada.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The Flour market has been extremely quiet during the past week, the demand being quite limited both for export and home consumption, but with light receipts and a very small stock, holders have been firm in their demands. The sales for export foot up only 3000 bbls at $4.25 @4,50 ₩ bbl for old stock; $4,75@5 for fresh ground—the latter from new Wheat; and $4,75@5,50 for extra and extra family, according to quality. The sales to the retailers and bakers have been within the range of these figures. A lot of sour sold at $4, and some middlings at $2,75@3,25. Rye Flour has advanced 12½c ₩ bbl. Small sales at $3,50 ₩ bbl. The market continues entirely bare of Penna Corn Meal, and it is wanted at $3,75.

GRAIN—There has been a good demand for Wheat for milling, and prices have again advanced 5@6c ₩ bush. Sales of 16,000 bush in lots at $1 @1,25 for inferior and prime old and new red, and $1,15 up to 1,43 for white, closing at our highest quotations for prime lots, including some red and white mixed at $1,16. Rye is also in demand, and has been taken on arrival at 73@75c for old, and 65c for new. Corn has been in active demand, and has advanced 4@5c ₩ bush. Sales of 15,000 bush yellow at 93c@$1, closing at $1, and some white at 95c. Oats have been in good demand, but supplies have come forward freely. Sales of 25,000 bush at 42@42½c for old Southern and Penna, and 37@38c for new crop.

PROVISIONS have been quiet. Sales of 300 bbls Mess Pork at $18 ₩ bbl, on time. The stock here is now very much reduced, and of Prime Pork the market is nearly bare. City packed Mess Beef continues to sell in a small way at $16@16,50 ₩ bbl. Bacon—There has been a fair inquiry and prices are firm. The stock is now small and gradually becoming still farther reduced. Sales of Hams at 10@13c for plain and fancy canvassed; Sides at 9¼@9½c, and Shoulders at 6½@7½c, cash and short time. Of Bulk Meats there is now but little stock left, and prices are advancing. Sales of Hams at 8½@9c, and Shoulders at 6¾c. The receipts and stocks of Lard are trifling, and prices are firm with a moderate inquiry. Sales of bbls and tcs at 12c, and kegs at 12¼@13c, cash and 60 days. Butter is very dull and sells slowly at 10@12c ₩ lb, according to quality. In Cheese no change. Sales of New York at 8½c. Eggs are selling at 13@16c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—Supplies come forward very slowly. The market has been inactive, as the manufacturers have purchased only to supply pressing wants. The stock has been small, and holders have been enabled to realise former rates. Sales of 760 bales Uplands at 12¼@13½c, cash, for low middling and middling fair quality, and 13¾@14¼c, on time, including inferior at 11¾@11¾c.

BARK—The stock of Quercitron Bark is extremely light, and it is in demand at an advance of $1. Sales of 40 hhds at $32@33 ₩ ton. There is less Tanner's Bark arriving, and it sells at $12 @13 ₩ cord for Spanish Oak, and $11 for Chestnut.

BEESWAX—Is scarce and held firmly at 31c ₩ lb., cash, for good yellow.

COAL—Continues very dull, but prices are unchanged. The depression which exists among the manufacturers at the Eastward restricts the amount going forward from Richmond and Bristol. Nothing doing in Bituminous.

COPPER—Remains as last quoted, with further small sales at 22c ₩ lb for Yellow Metal, and 28c ₩ lb, 6 mos, for English Sheathing.

FEATHERS—Come in slowly and sell as wanted, at 44@48c, cash.

FRUIT—Domestic Fruit is more abundant. Green Apples are selling freely at $1 50@3 50 ₩ bbl. Peaches command 62½c @$1 25 ₩ basket. Dried Apples range from 5¼ to 5¾c. There are few or no Dried Peaches offering.

HEMP—There have been no transactions for several weeks past.

HIDES are held firmly, and the stock in first hands is nearly exhausted. No sales.

HOPS are dull and sell slowly at 7@9c. for first sort Eastern and Western.

IRON—The Iron market continues exceedingly dull, and only 1000 tons Pig Metal have been disposed of at $23 ₩ ton, 6 mos, for No. 1 Anthracite, and $19, cash, for No 2 Foundry. A sale of Howard Charcoal Wheel Iron at $35, 6 months. Scotch Pig is entirely nominal in value. Blooms are in limited request within the range of our quotations. For Bar and Boiler Iron there has been a better demand without change from previous rates.

LEAD is quiet, there being little or no stock of either Foreign or Domestic here to operate in. A sale of 1100 pigs Virginia at 5¼c ₩ lb, on time, interest added.

LEATHER—The market has been well supplied with common qualities of Leather, but for these there is no inquiry, while for the better grades of both Spanish Sole and Slaughter, there is a good inquiry at former rates.

LUMBER of all descriptions is dull. Small sales of Laths at $1,25. Pickets are not wanted. A cargo of Spruce Joists sold at $12 ₩ M. Yellow Pine Sap Boards sell slowly at $12@15 ₩ M feet.

SEEDS—There is more inquiry for Clover seed, and 270 bags prime were sold to go out of the market at 9c ₩ lb, and some from first hands at $5,20 ₩ 64 lbs. New crop Timothy is beginning to come in, and commands $2,25 ₩ bus. Flaxseed is wanted at $1,62½ ₩ bus, but the market is entirely bare.

TALLOW is dull at 9¼@9½c for City Rendered, and 8¾@9c for Country.

TOBACCO—There is a steady consumptive demand for both Leaf and Manufactured at previous rates.

WOOL—The receipts continue quite moderate for the season, but there is a fairy inquiry for manufacturing, and prices are steadily maintained.

Mammoth Cave of Kentucky.—The avenues in the cave, thus far discovered, number two hundred and seventy-five, (275,) and their aggregate length is estimated at two hundred (200) miles.

DROPSY.

A specific for this disease may be had in Jayne's Alterative, as it has cured in almost every case in which it has been used.

Cedarburg, *Ozaukee Co., Wis.,* April 26, 1858.

Dr. D. Jayne:—

Dear Sir—I am a stranger to you, but cannot withhold my thanks for the great benefit produced by your Alterative and Sanative Pills. The cure which I will relate has not been surpassed in the history of your Medicines. A German lady, the wife of a miller in the Cedarburg mills, was taken with Dropsy; the first severe attack being about a fortnight after her confinement. The physician who attended her was called, and at the expiration of two weeks, pronounced her case hopeless, with defect in her kidneys. Another was obtained—this one was sanguine of curing her, but after two months daily attendance, his skill was baffled, and a third was called, but again with no effect. At this time, she was horrible to behold; her face and hand swelled to twice the natural size, her body as large as a barrel, and her limbs of a corresponding size; her tongue was swollen and eaten with ulcers, preventing her from taking nourishment except it was given in a teaspoon. This is but a feeble description of her appearance. My wife visited her, and although expecting to see her as described, the sight of the sufferer was such that she had to retire, and did not recover from the shock for several days. At this stage she was apparently hovering between life and death: for three days her husband was constantly with her, expecting a dissolution every moment. Although chided by the physicians, I recommended your Alterative: one bottle was taken with benefit, and this induced them to continue. After taking three bottles, the swellings of the head and face began to abate; when six bottles had been used, the swelling of her person gradually reduced, and blotches appeared on her face, arms and legs; when one dozen bottles had been taken, it brought out on her legs lumps as large as a pigeon's egg, which broke and discharged a watery humor, and at twenty-eight bottles the disease appeared to be nearly eradicated, and the husband desired to discontinue the Alterative, on account of the expense; they continued to give it but only in small doses, when she again commenced swelling, as if the disease had resumed its full vigor, and doubts were entertained about effecting a cure. They became discouraged and gave up all hope. I however persuaded them to give full doses, and to try a week or two longer, which they did and the disease was again subdued. The medicines was continued until forty-six bottles was taken together with sixteen boxes of the Sanative Pills. And now, under the favor of a Divine Providence, she is able to attend to her household duties, and shows as healthy an appearance as in youth. I have thus narrated the honest facts for the public good, and after expressing to you the heartfelt thanks of the one your medicines restored to health,

I remain, yours, respectfully,
JOHN DAY,
M. E. Local Preacher.

Cedarburg, *Wis., April* 26, 1858.

Dr. D. Jayne & Son:

Gentlemen—I can substantiate all the facts contained in the above certificate. The physician who attended the person previous to the use of the Alterative, informed me that hereafter he would cheerfully recommend your medicine in cases of this kind.

Yours, respectfully,
WM. VOJKNITZ, Agent.

The Alterative is prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne & Son, and may be had of their agents throughout the United States. aug14-3t

MORE TESTIMONY FROM THE CLERGY.

☞ This certifies that I have used Perry Davis's Vegetable Pain Killer with great success in cases of cholera infantum, common bowel complaint, bronchitis, coughs, colds, &c., and would cheerfully recommend it as a valuable family medicine. Rev. JAMES C. BOOMER.

Messrs. P. Davis & Son—Dear Sirs:—Having witnessed the beneficial effects of your Pain Killer in several cases of Dysentery and Cholera Morbus within a few months past, and deeming it an act of benevolence to the suffering, I would most cheerfully recommend its use to such as may be suffering from the aforementioned or similar diseases as a safe and effectual remedy. Rev. EDWARD K. FULLER.

This certifies that I have for several years used Davis's Vegetable Pain Killer in my family, in several of those cases for which it is recommended, and find it a very useful family medicine. Rev. A. BRONSON, Fall River.

DYSPEPSIA AND CONSUMPTION.—Which of these diseases occasions the victim the most suffering? The Dyspeptic will say the former. It is, therefore, a consoling fact, that Oxygenated Bitters cure this most distressing complaint.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. L. J. Harris, to Miss Alice J. Bozorth, both of this city.

On the 31st of July, by the Rev. Wm. O. Johnstone, Mr. John Christie, to Miss Mary Walker.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Dr. Morton, Horace B. Fay, to Emily L. daughter of John Grigg, Esq.

On the 24th of June, by the Rev. Mr. Weddle, Mr. John English, late of Philadelphia, to Miss Sarah Stillwell, of Cumberland, Md.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. J. S. Patton, W. C. Desmond, to Louisa L. Baye, both of this city.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, D. D., Mr. Frank Carey, to Miss Maggie T. Gillingham, daughter of Lewis Gillingham, both of this city.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. J. McDowell, Mr. Jacob Lawson, to Susan, daughter of the late John Walker, Esq. both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Holmesburg, on the 2d instant, Jacob Wayneman, aged 81 years.

On the 3d instant, Mr. George Shuteline, aged 42 years.

On the 3d instant, William Thorn, aged 65.

On the 2d instant, Mr. William Hart, aged 65.

On the 31st ultimo, Mary Conway, wife of Jas. Bartram, aged 27 years.

On the 1st instant, Julia Ann, wife of John Dyer.

On the 1st instant, Charles Devlin, aged 22 years.

On the 31st ultimo, William Smith, aged 46.

On the 1st instant, Sarah, wife of the late Mathias Benner, aged 85 years.

On the 31st ultimo, Hannah Crowther, aged 59 years.

On the 1st instant, Mrs. Elizabeth Nelson, aged 60 years.

On the 31st ultimo, Jacob R. Myers, aged 31.

On the 31st ultimo, Margaret, relict of Horatio Boate, Printer, aged 72 years.

On the 2d instant, Helen A. wife of Conrad J. Cooper.

On the 30th ultimo, Charles G. Willing, aged 36 years.

5,000 AGENTS WANTED—To sell four new inventions. Agents have made over $25,000 on one—better than all other similar agencies. Send four stamps and get 80 pages of particulars, gratis.
jly24-13t EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass.

DEAFNESS CURED—However Caused. Address DR. BOARDMAN, jly17-8t 12 Suffolk Place, Boston.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 & 16 Ann St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & CO., Boston, Mass.
SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Conn.
HUNT & MINER, Pittsburg.
S. W. PEASE & CO., 28 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O.
McNALLY & CO., 75 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.
ELI ADAMS, Davenport, Iowa.
E. REMON, Richmond, Va.
MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
JAMES DAVENPORT, St. Paul, Minnesota.
Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

BANK NOTE LIST.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Withers & Peterson, Bankers, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, August 7, 1858.

Pennsylvania.		Georgia.	
Solvent banks	¼ dis	Solvent banks	1 dis
Relief notes	½ dis	South Carolina.	
Crawford, Tioga and Shamokin	no sale	Solv bks	1 dis
New Jersey.		Alabama.	
Solv bks par to	½ dis	Solv bks	1 to 5 dis
Delaware.		Mississippi.	
Solv bks par to	½ dis	All bks	uncertain
Maryland.		Louisiana.	
Baltimore	½ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks	½ to ½ dis	Ohio.	
New York.		Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks par to	½ dis	Kentucky.	
Maine.		Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks	½ dis	Indiana.	
New Hampshire.		State bank	1 dis
Solv bks	½ dis	Illinois.	
Vermont.		Solv bks	1½ dis
Solv bks	½ dis	Missouri.	
Connecticut.		Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks	½ dis	Tennessee.	
Massachusetts.		Old banks	3 dis
Solv bks	½ dis	Michigan.	
Rhode Island.		Solv bks	1½ dis
Solv bks	½ dis	Wisconsin.	
Virginia.		Solv bks	1½ dis
Solv bks	1 dis	Texas.	
Dist. of Columbia.		Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	5 dis
Solv bks	½ dis	Canada.	
North Carolina.		Solv bks	1½ dis
Solv bks	1½ to 2 dis		

TO YOUNG MEN OUT OF EMPLOYMENT.

500 BOOK AGENTS WANTED.

☞ WANTED, in every section of the United States, active and enterprising men to engage in the sale of very popular books. To men of good address, possessing a small capital, such inducements will be offered as to enable them to make from Five to Ten Dollars per day profit. Circulars containing instructions, and a complete list of our publications, with wholesale and retail prices, will be sent to any address, free of postage. Address
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Wit and Humor.

AN ALABAMA DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT.

Captain Ry———s, now a well-known Governmental official of this city, was engaged for a number of years in the invigorating pursuits of husbandry. In other words, the captain had a large quantity of personal wild oats to sow, and as a natural consequence, it took him a long while to do it, and do it well. It so happened that while pursuing this commendable employment, he once found himself in the good State of Alabama, and near the town of Montgomery, his companion having been a certain Jack Constable, who was to the manner born, and less of a polished linguist than a polished "poker" player. Owing to some slight obliquity of conduct on the part of the captain, as was alleged, he was cited to appear before one of the judges of the place on the complaint of an adult male person, who declared that he had suffered extreme violence of a personal character from the captain's closed hands. When the latter appeared before the justice, he was accompanied by Jack, in the two-fold character of witness and advocate. The complainant told his story—a rather lame history, by-the-by—when Jack proceeded to cross-examine him, and developed the fact that he had put a little too much whiskey into his water on the day of the alleged assault. Jack was then sworn, and his remarks, and version of the affair, were substantially as follows:—

"Yer see, judge, all 'round in this 'yere region of Alabama, you know our opinion er you? Kent and Blackstone ar some, but let 'em stay north! If they should come on yere we couldn't appreciate 'em properly while you was about! No, sir."

"Well! well! git inter the facs!" said the judge.

"Well, yer see, judge," resumed Jack, "Ry———e an' I was a torking about the chances of John Cammel's horse Wager a-beating Grey Eagle in the race that they've just socked up the soap for a forfeit on, when—"

"I think he'll beat him, dead, open and shut!" said the judge, quickly, "and I'll bet two hundred and—"

Here the clerk pulled him by the sleeve, when the judge immediately altered his tone, and said:

"Go on with the facs! them's the things!"

"Grey Eagle is a good hoss, squire," said Jack, "and I'll—"

Here the clerk jerked the judge's sleeve a second time; when he said,

"Never mind the hosses, let's hev the facs!"

"Well, while we was a-torking hoss, up comes this feller, and, sucker like, shoves in his oar. Sez he to Ry———s, sez he, 'lend me a dollar! 'What d'ye want a dollar for?' sez Ry———s. 'I want 'er get over the river,' sez he. 'What d'ye want 'er git over the river for?' sez Ry———s. ''Cause I'm dead broke,' sez he. 'Ain't got nary red!'

"'What the blamed difference will it make, which side of the river yer on so long as yer dead broke!' sez Ry———s. At this he kinder flared up, and got mad like, and said we was a couple of—"

"Look a yere stranger," said the complainant, "didn't I ask you for a dollar?"

"You did, hoss, but I said 'nary,' and just as I said that, he said we was a couple of durned suckers, and I split him under the ear, and down he went—"

"You split him?" said the judge.

"I split him!" replied Jack, with emphasis; "an' Ry———s didn't tetch him. We waited about ten minutes, an' seeing that he didn't git up, we walked up to Butler's grocery—"

"I understand you to say," said the judge, "that the facs is this: Ry———s didn't tech him, and you split him! Eh?"

"You've got it to a'dead spot, judge," replied Jack.

"Then this yer case is dismissed!" said the judge.

"I knowed he'd do the squar thing!" said Jack, admiringly. "Come, Ry———s, let's leave."

"Hold yer hosses, Time!" cried his honor. "Don't leave yit! Clerk, write down that John Constable is fined twenty-five slugs, and stands committed 'till paid!"

"What for, judge?" said Jack, somewhat perturbated.

"For salt and battery on this yer gentleman!"

"But, judge, there ain't nary warrant out agin me," said Jack.

"Don't keer; the court finds you guilty!"

"But I ain't been arrested!" argued Jack.

"It don't make a bit er ditterance; the court finds you guilty!"

"But there ain't no complaint agin me! an' I ain't had no trial!"

"I know that; but the court finds you guilty, and fines you twenty-five good round slugs!"

"Well!" said Jack, after a prolonged whistle, "this is Alabama justice!—this is! The defendant is discharged, and the witness and counsel fined twelve and a half a piece!"

It is but fair to state that the constable got even with the judge at poker on the same day.

A Nebuchadnezzar.—The Rev. Dr. McC———, minister of Douglass, in Clydesdale, was one day dining at a large party where the Hon. Henry Erskine and some other lawyers were present. A great dish of cresses being presented after dinner, Dr. McC———, who was extravagantly fond of vegetables, helped himself much more largely than any other person; and, as he ate with his fingers, with a peculiar voracity of manner, Mr. Erskine was struck with the idea that he resembled Nebuchadnezzar in his state of condemnation. Resolved to give him a bit for the apparent grossness of his taste and manner of eating, the wit addressed him with, "Dr. McC———, ye bring me in mind of the great King Nebuchadnezzar!" and the company were beginning to titter at the ludicrous allusion, when the reverend vegetable devourer replied, "Ay, do I mind ye o' Nebuchadnezzar? That'll be because I am eating among the brutes!"

Clod, the Queen's Fool.—At the court of Elizabeth there was a parody on the vicar of Bray school, and among them Dean Perne, who had oscillated from one faith to another three or four times in about a dozen years, and who never felt in a state of finality anywhere. Perne, with Archbishop Whitgift, was in attendance on the Queen one wet day, when her Majesty was desirous of going out for a walk. The desire was an unwise one, for Elizabeth was in ill-health; but the divines were not bold enough to dissuade her. But Clod, the Queen's fool, was also present, and *he* had the courage which the others lacked.

"Madam," said he, "Heaven dissuades you, for it is cold and wet; and earth dissuades you, for it is damp and dirty. Heaven dissuades you, too, by this heavenly man, Archbishop Whitgift; and earth dissuades you by me, your fool, Clod, lump of clay as I am. But if neither can prevail with you, here is the Dean Perne, who is neither of Heaven nor of earth, but hangs between the two, and he, too, dissuades you."

The above was witty license at the expense of a courtier; but Clod could exercise wit and audacity at the expense of the Queen. Elizabeth once reproached him with not altogether fulfilling the duties of his office.

"How so?" asked Clod; "in what have I failed?"

"In this," answered the Queen; "you are ready enough to point your sharp satire at the faults of other people, but you never say a word of mine."

"Ah," exclaimed the jester, "that is because I am saved the trouble by so many deputies. Why should I remind your Majesty of your faults, seeing that these are in everybody's mouth, and you may hear of them hourly?"

A Merry Scholar.—John Erigena, an Anglo-Saxon, and by birth an Irish Scot, who probably was among the first of lecturers at Oxford, was, in the ninth century, a choice friend and guide to Charles the Bald, then a great patron of letters. He was a merry scholar, and on good terms with his royal friend. "Pray," asked his Majesty once, when he and Erigena sat opposite each other at dinner, talking in Latin dialectics, "pray, what divides a Scot from a sot?" John retorted, "Nothing but the table." There is another dinner-table story of division told about him. He, a little, thin, and nimble man, was placed between two corpulent monks, and the dish before them contained three fishes, one large and the others small. The king bade him divide fairly with his neighbors, whereupon he gave each of the fat men one of the sprats, and put the whale on his own plate. "You have not made that division equal, learned master," said King Charles. "Truly, I have," said the philosopher. "There are three men and three fishes; there is a big one and a little one, there is another big one and a little one; and here is a big one and a little one. The scale is just."

Growth of a Bank-Note.—The late Rev. Dr. H———, of New Jersey, was eccentric, but always genial and good-humored in his oddities. One dark and stormy night he was called away from home to marry a couple. He went reluctantly, performed the ceremony, and was leaving the house, when the groomsman handed him a dollar bill. The doctor looked at it, saw the small amount, and returning it, told him to keep it till it grew bigger. It grew to an X in the course of a week.

The Hair of the Presidents.—In the Patent Office at Washington, there are many objects of interest connected with the government, and those who administered its affairs in times gone by. While examining some of these objects of curiosity when in Washington, in December last, there was nothing that struck us so forcibly as the samples of small locks of hair taken from the heads of the different Chief Magistrates, from President Washington down to President Pierce, secured in a frame, covered with glass. Here is, in fact, part and parcel of what constitutes the living bodies of those illustrious individuals, whose names are as familiar as household words, but who now live only in history and the remembrance of the past.

The hair of Washington is nearly a pure white, fine and smooth in appearance.

That of John Adams is nearly the same color, though perhaps a little coarser.

The hair of Jefferson is of a different character, being a mixture of white and auburn, or a sandy brown, and rather coarse. In his youth, Mr. Jefferson's hair was remarkable for its bright color.

The hair of Madison is coarse and of a mixed white and dark.

The hair of Monroe is a handsome, dark auburn, smooth, and free from any admixture whatever. He is the only President, excepting Pierce, whose hair has undergone no change in color.

The hair of John Quincy Adams is peculiar, being coarse and yellowish gray in color.

The hair of Gen. Jackson is almost a perfect white, but coarse.

The hair of Van Buren is white and smooth in appearance.

The hair of Gen. Harrison is fine white, with a slight admixture of black.

The hair of John Tyler is a mixture of white and brown.

The hair of James K. Polk is almost a pure white.

The hair of Gen. Taylor is white, with a slight admixture of brown.

The hair of Millard Fillmore is, on the other hand, brown, with a slight admixture of white.

The hair of Franklin Pierce is a dark brown.

The True Church.—By his church our Saviour did not mean a party, bearing the name of a human leader, distinguished by a form or an opinion, and, on the ground of this distinction, denying the name or character of Christians to all but themselves. He means by it the body of his friends and followers, *who truly imbibe his spirit*, no matter by what name they are called, in what house they worship, by what peculiarities of mode and opinion they are distinguished, under what sky they live, or what language they speak. These are the true church—men made better, made holy, virtuous, by his religion—men who, hoping in his promises, keep his commandments.—*Channing.*

A GREAT COUNTRY.

Distinguished Foreigner.—I'm sure dis is de finest countrie in de whole worle. To home, I was only an barbiere—here I am de great Count de Homboog; all de ladies be dying for me, all de hotel-men implore me "do them de honor to live at deir expense." Yees, my frien', it is von grand countrie!

NEW WAY OF PAYING A SUBSCRIPTION.

A correspondent of the Lagrange Whig gives the following amusing account of the way a farmer was taught how cheaply he could take the papers. The lesson is worth pondering by a good many men "we wot of."

"You have hens at home, of course. Well, I will send you my paper one year, for the proceeds, of a single hen for one season; merely the proceeds. It seems trifling, preposterous, to imagine the products of a single hen will pay the subscription; perhaps it won't, but I make the offer."

"Done!" exclaimed Farmer B———, "I agree to it," and appealed to me as a witness to the affair.

The farmer went off, apparently much elated with his conquest; the editor went on his way rejoicing.

Time rolled around, and the world revolved on its axis, and the sun moved in its orbit as it formerly did; the farmer received his paper regularly, and regaled himself with the information from it, and said "he was surprised at the progress of himself and family in general information."

Some time in the month of September, I happened up again in the office, when who should enter but our old friend, Farmer B———.

"How do you do, Mr. B———?" said the editor, extending his hand, and his countenance lit up with a bland smile; "take a chair, sir, and be seated; fine weather we have."

"Yes, sir, quite fine indeed," he answered, and then a short silence ensued, during which our friend B——— hitched his chair backward and forward, twirled his thumbs abstractedly, and spit profusely. Starting up quickly, he said, addressing the editor, "Mr. B———, I have brought you the proceeds of that hen."

It was amusing to see the peculiar expression of the editor, as he followed the farmer down to the wagon. I could hardly keep my risibles down.

When at the wagon, the farmer commenced handing over to the editor the products of the hen, which, on being counted, amounted to eighteen pullets, worth a shilling each, and a number of dozen eggs, making, in the aggregate, at the least calculation, $2,50—more than the price of the paper.

"No need," said he, "of men not taking a family newspaper, and paying for it too. I don't miss this from my roost, yet I have paid for a year's subscription, and over. All folly, sir; there is no man but can take a newspaper; it's charity, you know, commences at home."

"But," resumed the editor, "I will pay for what is over the subscription. I did not intend this as a means of profit, but rather to convince you. I will pay for—"

"Not a bit, of it, sir; a bargain is a bargain, and I am already paid, sir—doubly paid, sir. And whenever a neighbor makes the complaint I did, I will relate to him the hen story. Good-day, gentlemen."

A Good Answer.—The lady who is the heroine of the following anecdote was a Countess de Rechteren, of whom the Duke de Lauzun became enamored at Spa, in 1787: "She was," says Madame de Genlis, "a young Spanish lady, uniting beauty and great wit to much simplicity of manner, and married to a man who might have been her father, but whom she truly loved. As it was very difficult to approach her, the duke took up his stand behind her, among the gentlemen who had the courtesy to wait upon the ladies, and one morning, at breakfast, made her, in a low, rapid tone, a very open and explicit declaration of love. Madame de Rechteren heard him out very quietly and then replied: 'Monsieur le Duc, I understand French but indifferently; *mon mari*, (she designated her husband thus) is much better versed in it, however, and if you will repeat to him all the pretty things you have just said, he will explain them to me clearly.'"

Method of Detecting Decay in Timber.—We learn from the Cosmos that a simple method has been adopted in the shipyards of Venice, from time immemorial for testing the soundness of the timber. A person applies his ear to the middle of one of the ends of the timber, while another strikes upon the opposite end. If the wood is sound and of good quality, the blow is very distinctly heard, however long the beam may be. If the wood was disaggregated by decay or otherwise, the sound would be for the most part destroyed.

Shelley's Opinion of Love.—A dull, boring fellow, who was accustomed, as other slow-witted seekers after truth were also, to propound questions to William Godwin, and to accept his answers, when they could be extracted, as oracles, inquired, one day, in Shelley's presence, with all solemnity, "Pray, William Godwin, what is your opinion of love?" The oracle was silent. After a while, he who came to consult repeated his question—"Pray, William Godwin, what is your opinion of love?" The oracle was still silent, but Shelley answered for him. "My opinion of love is, that it acts upon the human heart precisely as a nutmeg-grater acts upon a nutmeg." The grave inquirer heard the jesting answer with mute contempt, and presently repeated his question a third time. "Pray, William Godwin, what is your opinion of love?" "My opinion entirely agrees with that of Mr. Shelley."

☞ Moral Freedom.—If you destroy moral freedom you destroy the very essence of virtue.—*Origen.*

Agricultural.

TO MAKE FRUIT TREES BEAR.

Some pear-trees which make a rapid growth of wood, are yet very slow in yielding fruit. The Autumn Bergamot is one of this class, often growing steadily for ten or twelve years without producing a solitary pear. An orchardist may well become impatient with such trees, and cast about for some method to expedite their fruitfulness.

Let him try root pruning. Late in the Autumn, or early in Winter, uncover the ends of the roots, and with a sharp spade, cut off the tap-root, if there be one, and shorten the side roots, more or less, according to the luxuriance of the tree. The side roots should be removed with a pruning knife, and with an upward drawn cut. At the first operation, let the pruning be moderate.

Another method is to transplant non-bearing trees frequently—say every two or three years. Of course, this can be done only on trees of a moderate size. This is, in reality, a sort of root-pruning. It checks the flow of sap to the extremities, and converts side buds into fruit spurs. Trees so treated should be kept vigorous by ample manuring. Mr. Rivers, of England, an eminent pomologist, practices this method extensively, to bring new varieties into early bearing. He prefers it to grafting on the quince, because, after his trees have been tested, he can withhold root-pruning, and his trees then assume the qualities of standards.—He does not recommend the long continuance of this practice on any one tree. Too long, and too severe root-pruning injures the quality of the fruit, and shortens the life of the tree.—*Amer. Agriculturalist.*

How to Destroy Burdocks, &c.—In the Cultivator of June 20th we notice a piece recommending salt to kill burdocks, applied as follows: "Cut off the crown of the root somewhat below the surface of the earth so as to form a sort of cup, and fill it with salt, &c." In our apprehension, there is a much easier mode of effectually destroying them, which is simply to mow them two years. Those that came up last year will produce seed this year, and those that grow from the seed this year, will bear seed next year, and as they do not live over but one winter, by cutting them off and not letting them go to seed two years, they will mostly disappear. Mullen and common thistles live only one winter, and even that pest, the Canada thistle, may be entirely eradicated by cutting them two or three times a year, two years, and taking them off the ground. In the cases above mentioned, if the ground is ploughed, or otherwise turned up, the seeds that were in the ground, and too deep to vegetate, may grow.—*Correspondent of Boston Cultivator.*

Effects of Soil and Location upon Fruit.—As to the effect that location and soil have upon fruit, I knew an orchard of Putnam Russets, situated on a second bottom, and extending up a steep gravelly hill sloping to the south; the fruit on the level land was coarse and tart, without any rich color; while that on the gravelly slope was rich, firm, high-flavored, and of a brilliant yellow, approaching to red, russet coat, and yellow fleshed. An orchard of my own planting, of Golden Russets, on similar locations gave the same results.—*Cor. Ohio Farmer.*

SUMMER PRUNING OF THE GRAPE.

At the recent meeting of the Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York, the following remarks were made on this subject:

J. Salter of Rochester, was engaged exclusively in grape raising—his practice was very close summer pruning—raises fruit on the spurs, and training his vines all over his trellis—after the fruit has set, cutting off the vine three buds above, and keeping off all unnecessary growth of vines.

J. Crane of Lockport, had practiced summer pruning on the Isabella for fifteen or sixteen years, and had almost ruined his vines—he was fully convinced that the Isabella would not bear close summer pruning. It needs long vines to keep up the vigor of the root and vine.

R. B. Warren of Genessee Co., said that winter pruning increases the vigor of the vine, and summer pruning weakens it. As a general rule we did not prune enough. He had grapes kept till the 15th of last month, in a good state of preservation.

H. N. Langworthy said the only reliable way was the *renewal system*. All the other methods require close pruning, and then you must leave some long vines or you will weaken your plants.

Mr. Johnson of Naples, said the grape raisers in his vicinity had practiced summer pruning with great *disadvantage*: for a time they cut back to within two or three buds of the fruit—but did very badly. He pruned in spring with great success. They have all abandoned summer pruning by cutting off the main vine.

J. Crane had seen the bearing branch of a grape vine girdled below the fruit with great increase in the size and early ripening of the fruit, but on the whole he would not recommend it for general practice, as in time it would injure the vine.

H. A. Langworthy had often girdled peach limbs and could succeed in obtaining fruit on such limbs two or three weeks before their season, and much larger and finer. He had raised many bushels of such fruit.

J. Salter of Rochester, thought the buds below the "*ring*" on the vine would be worthless. His practice frequently was to tie a piece of bass matting around the vine under the fruit. This produced a good effect and did not injure the vine as much as girdling. The girdling method was generally disapproved of.

The Curculio.—The Society took up the following question:—Is there any better way of destroying curculios than by shaking on sheets and killing? G. Ellwanger said they always raised full crops of plums by this method. In the spring they spade the ground around the plum trees, and beat it hard with the spade, and then every day they go around the trees and shake off the curculio and punctured fruit, and sweep them up or gather them on sheets. They always succeed in securing fine crops. He did not think it very expensive, as a couple of boys could attend to 200 trees in three or four hours per day.

Useful Receipts.

Black Tongue in Cattle.—Of late much has been said of this deadly malady in southern cattle. A friend who knows, by experience, its virtues, recommends the following recipe as a certain cure: Mix copperas with the juice of sour oranges, and bathe the tongue with a sponge or rag, three or four times a day. We should suppose that in the absence of sour oranges, some other acid might do. The remedy is simple, and should be tested.

A Remedy for Ague.—As this is the season when many are troubled with the ague and fever, perhaps your readers would like to know a simple, safe and *sure cure*. Put a teaspoonful of grated wild turnip into two tablespoonfuls of brandy, sweeten and take just before the fit comes on. Try it a few times, and you will have no more ague.—*Rural New Yorker.*

A Waterproofing Composition.—The following may be useful, and is, I believe, not generally known: Take three pints of linseed oil well boiled, and mix it in one ounce of soft soap. This may be brushed over calico when stretched on a frame. It will resist moisture, for a length of time, and is very durable. Pits covered thus admit plenty of light, although I think the tint of it is not good for growing plants, being rather yellow. It is useful in many ways, however, has little smell that is disagreeable, and is, besides, cheap.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

To Remove Sunburn.—Milk of almonds made thus: Take of blanched bitter almonds half an ounce, soft water half a pint; make an emulsion by beating the almonds and water together, strain through a muslin cloth, and it is made.

To Prevent Turkeys Straying from Home.—It was stated in conversation that turkeys will not leave the yard in which they are put, if a *strip of red flannel is tied around the wing*, long enough to trail on the ground. The receipt is simple and easily tried, and, if effective, would prove of great benefit in removing a source of much loss and annoyance to the turkey breeder. The vanity of the fowl is probably affected by this means, as he wouldn't wish to run the risk of seeing strangers with such a drag upon his dignity.—*Country Gentleman.*

Raspberry "Shrub."—Fill a jar two-thirds full of red raspberries, and cover them with pure cider vinegar or other good vinegar, and set in a cool place twenty-four hours. The second, and again the third day, put in fresh berries, enough to have them just covered with the accumulated syrup, keeping all the while in a cool place. The fourth day bring the whole to a scalding heat in a tin or porcelain vessel; then strain through a flannel bag, and add 1 lb. of loaf sugar to each 1½ pints of strained syrup; boil ten to fifteen minutes; skim, and when partly cool, put into bottles. Let the corks be loosely put in for the first day or two. To use it, put an inch or so in depth in a tumbler, add sugar, and when dissolved fill up with water. It makes a delicious beverage, far superior to champagne. We have it on hand two years old, and it is better, if possible, than when first made.—*Amer. Agriculturalist.*

☞ Ignorance.—There is no worse death than the ignorance of the truth.—*Johannes Scotus Erigena.*

The Riddler.

HISTORICAL AND MYTHOLOGICA ENIGMA.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post, by George W. Duffield.

I am composed of 28 letters.

My 25, 12, 18, 11, 5, was a French monarch.
My 1, 8, 16, 25, killed one of the Austrian governors.
My 23, 2, 19, 10, 11, 6, was a monarch of Spain.
My 10, 2, 26, 7, 3, 20, 9, was a Queen of Hungary.
My 28, 3, 25, 20, 17, 13, was a British Admiral.
My 22, 10, 1, 9, 16, 4, 20, was a King of Pergamos.
My 1, 7, 23, 6, 21, was an Austrian General.
My 15, 25, 24, 7, 9, was the goddess of flowers.
My 9, 13, 10, 11, 27, 6, 3, was the wife of Jupiter.
My 6, 7, 22, 13, 18, 20, was the most ancient of all the gods.
My 14, 3, 7, 14, was a Roman Emperor.
My whole was a celebrated event in the History of France.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

I am composed of 35 letters.
My 12, 8, 35, 21, 4, 27, is to blot out.
My 13, 11, 5, 4, 34, 28, 25, is nourishment.
My 9, 30, 17, 17, 14, 16, 7, 29, 16, is a quality.
My 1, 27, 14, 31, 5, 8, 4, is beautiful.
My 22, 10, 2, 25, 3, 21, 15, is made sober.
My 28, 5, 23, 8, 25, 4, is a country dress.
My 10, 9, 26, 6, 32, 4, 2, 24, 16, is turning toward.
My 16, 9, 22, 30, 32, 1, 25, 19, is celebrated.
My 29, 33, 10, 4, 13, 4, 7, 18, 24, is the act of floating.
My 33, 11, 17, 34, 4, is to mock or insult.
My 6, 14, 3, 10, 20, 24, 19, is to enclose.
My 21, 29, 33, 34, 20, 12, is to pour out.
My 4, 28, 13, 14, 5, 5, 9, 23, 4, 31, 24, 4, 7, 13, 4, 2, 17, 20, is a change of substance.
My whole is a line from Shakspeare.

Tipton. J. W. AXTELL.

CHARADE.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post, by W. Lanahan.

I.

When the Queen of Night with waning light
Resigns her place on high,
And her glittering train seek their coverts again,
Then my first fills her throne in the sky.

II.

My second you'll see where my first shall be,
For the one through the other is made;
And there it will stay till my first flees away,
When it follows in evening's shade.

III.

As a haven of rest my whole is blest—
Set apart for man's release;
From ceaseless toil and noisy turmoil,
Giving silence, quiet and peace.

Tiffin.

RIDDLE.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

I am a preposition.
Head me with B, and I am a cape;
With C, and I am a prefix;
With D, and I am a Spanish gentleman;
With S, and I am an offspring;
With T, and I am a weight;
With W, and I have gained;
With Y, and I signify distance;
Add a prefix, and a suffix, and I am absent;
Add a prefix, and a suffix, and I am a belt.

Eureka, Iowa. SHYLOCK.

CHARADE.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

My first's often seen
In the pasture fields green;
My second with the first's often found;
My third, bear in mind,
With the rest you will find;
With my whole all three are bound.

LYDIA M. TERRILL.

Valley Farm, Daviess Co., Mo.

ANAGRAMS.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Son fit mad.	I am no gal.
G. H. is pa.	Not C hair.
Set it wren.	D fife rail.
Not new.	Soft men I sed.
Ven Kill ox.	I must cane.
L. G. Woodem.	Ma nor I.
Pure.	Hi led.

Newton, Iowa. JUNO.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

A father had three sons, the eldest 1 year older than the second, and the second 5 years older than the third, or youngest. When he died he ordered by testament that $2300 should be put out at 5 per cent. simple interest for them, and that as soon as each one of them should obtain the age of 21 years, his portion of the stock, with the interest of that part, should be paid out to him; while his brothers' portions or portion should continue to accumulate; but in such sums that each boy should have an equal amount to draw at the said age of 21 years; and the said stock and interest should with the payment of the youngest son be exhausted. Now it was found that each boy drew in this manner $10,000 as they respectively came to said age. Can any person tell me the age of each of the boys, and when the money was first put out? DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Cretuerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

☞ What great phrenologist has a name most expressive of his profession as a researcher in heads? Ans.—Combe.

☞ When may a young man's feelings be considered entirely uncontrollable? Ans.—When he's bussed ("bust").

☞ What lines most need the addition of a check? Ans.—Party lines.

Maple Hill, Vigo Co., Ind. O. J. SMITH.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Samuel Champlain. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Contributors to the Saturday Evening Post. MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA—The Mausoleum at Halicarnassus. CHARADE—Shakspeare (Shake, spear).—CHARADE—Grasshopper.

☞ Imitations please, not because they are mistaken for realities, but because they bring realities to mind.